

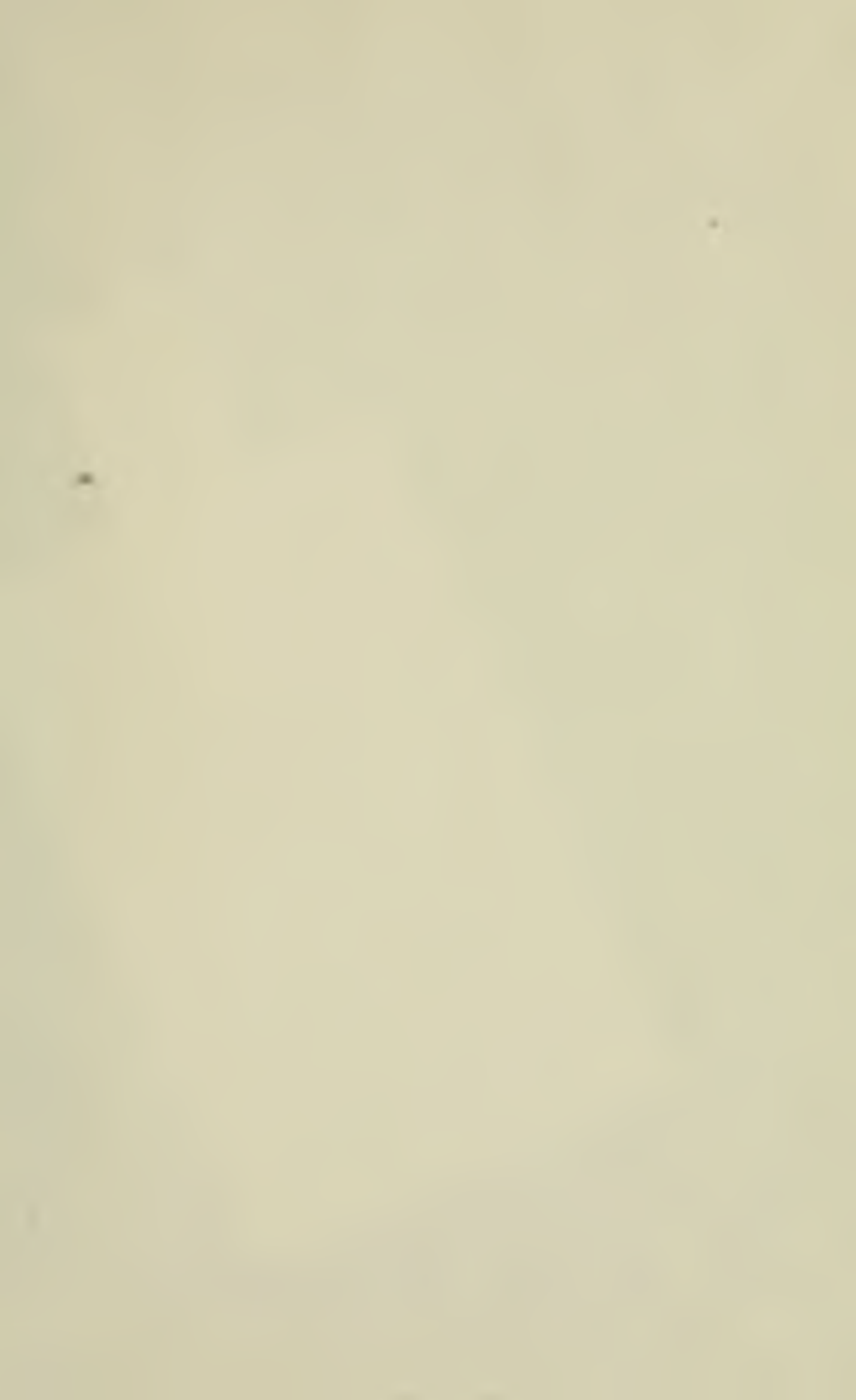
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The Color of Life

By
Emanuel
Julius

Girard,
Kansas



Emanuel Julius

The Color of Life

Being Rapid-Fire Impressions of People As They Are

by Emanuel Julius

Author of "The Pest, and Other One-Act Plays"



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To Marcet, my wife

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The Lonely Girl.

SHE was a frail little girl, with large, melancholy, brown eyes—eyes as deep and profound as night, as mysterious as darkness; a face rather pale and drawn—an ever-tired expression occasionally half lighted by a listless smile.

She was a silent lover.

This lonely girl loved passionately. But her earthly ideal, like the stars, was beyond her reach.

She loved a man—noble, brave and handsome. She constantly saw his face before her. She knew his every feature and characteristic. She breathlessly followed his adventures as cowboy rescuing the lovely daughter of the ranchman; as fireman fighting the flames; as an amorous knight courting his lady-fair.

She wept when he suffered, laughed when he smiled, joyed when he was victor and mourned when he fell before the enemy.

She loved him; worshipped the ground he trod, and though she never had touched his hand she would have died for him.

She loved in silence, and from afar. And every night she visited the same five-cent moving picture theatre and there feasted her eyes on her distant filmy mate and dreamed of days to come when her pantomime Lohengrin would leave the vague screen of the abstract and gather her in his arms.

For King and Country--and "Eats."

PATRICK M'CREA—a live young fellow—wanted to go somewhere. He didn't care where, so long as it was somewhere.

Port Huron had become a bore, impressing him as the most stupid spot he had ever known. Its one redeeming feature, he concluded, lay in the fact that it was on the main line of the Grand Trunk railroad; trains—fast ones—could take him away—to Toronto, to Detroit, to Chicago. But fast trains are only exasperating to young men without money.

Finally, unable to longer endure the place, Patrick M'Crea watched his chance one night and glided onto the rods. It was autumn—and fall nights in Canada are mighty discouraging to persons who wish to steal rides, but he gritted his teeth and held on for dear life.

At Toronto, towards dawn, he was yanked off by a railroad detective and taken to the police station, where he was lodged in a cell until court time. It was while he was being taken to the station that he saw the poster:

**"FOR KING AND COUNTRY!
ENLIST NOW!"**

The placard showed a lad—undoubtedly of M'Crea's own age—dressed in neat khaki and, apparently, well-fed—very much unlike M'Crea. It was only then that he thought of the "joys" of army life. Food, clothes, shelter, sociability, recreation—these things he thought of as the grim-visaged detective was leading him away. Of course he saw trenches and fighting, and mangled bodies, and helpless wounded, but these seemed unreal—Canada is so far from Flanders, you know. Food, rather than Flanders, was uppermost in his mind.

The judge (a staid and stern old fossil of the early Wellington school of thought) had heard the detective's story and was ready to sentence the lad.

"Don't you know it's wrong to steal rides on a railroad train?" he demanded, assuming his most solemn expression.

"Yes, sir," Patrick replied.

"Then why did you do it?"

"Because—" and here Patrick thought quickly—"because I wanted to get to Toronto so I could enlist in the army and fight for my country!"

Sensation! The judge almost shed tears.

"Do you mean to say that you want to fight for King and Country?"

Patrick M'Crea nodded his head, at the same time wondering whether it would not be more sensible for him to spend a month in jail rather than enlist.

"You're an honor to your country!" exclaimed the judge, who unconsciously fell into his most patriotic speechmaking voice. "The British Empire rests on lads like you!"

Patrick M'Crea blushed. He was so modest.

"You have no business in this court. You belong in a recruiting office," the judge declared, ordering a deputy to see that M'Crea kept his word.

* * *

A NEWSPAPER reporter got the story.

It was given space in the afternoon papers.

The judge allowed himself to be quoted, saying, "The Dominion of Canada should be proud of its Patrick M'Creas who are ready to die for King and Country."

As M'Crea left the place he muttered: "King? Hell!"

And then he fell to an Americanism, grunting:

"Eats!"

The Worshipers.

THE Observer approached the Temple of Confucius and saw many persons bowing before an idol of haunting beauty. All kneeled before the wonderful idol; all, except one who merely looked on. The Observer asked a man:

"Why do you worship before this idol?"

"I am a poet," was the answer; "it is a beautiful idol, a creation. Beauty is my God."

Another replied.

"I am heart-sick and soul-sick; I am world-weary, and I come to this idol to make my life less painful."

Still another answered:

"I worship this idol because I am afraid of death."

An old man said:

"All my life I have been poor; I worship this idol because I hope for a better day in the Beyond."

The Observer approached the one who only looked on.

"How comes it, my good man, that you are the lone person who fails to fall before this beautiful idol?"

And he answered:

"Because I carved this image."

The Scab.

WHEN the signal was given, the town of Preston got what had been hanging long in the air; swaying, like a sword, over the heads of the worried wives of the workers; threatening, like a storm, to flood the little, struggling business men; crowding the workers themselves to a period of war and starvation that a larger crust of bread might be the result of their toil. There was a strike in the Sullivan Machine plant.

With a jolt that spoke unanimity, hundreds of machines ceased their thundering; the iron monsters were quieted; the steam cooled into water and what had been a scene of tireless activities became as a cemetery—silent, deserted. To a man the 4,000 dirt-begrimmed, perspiring, ragged workers walked into the street and gathered in exicted, gesticulating, talkative groups while their three spokesmen were in the office with the managers arguing the reasonableness of their demands.

The men waited and waited. Youngsters of the neighborhood gathered and expressed their joy over the prospects of excitement, and greedily listened to the apprentice boys who had joined the men. Women came hurrying to the scene and hunted their providers, imploring them to go home "before there's trouble." A half dozen policemen tumbled from a patrol and scattered to different points, commanding the strikers to "keep moving."

The strike was on. The men were out.

Soon the three spokesmen joined the waiting throng. Their faces were set. They shook their heads slowly.

"What's the word?" asked one.

Another inquired, "Do they give in?"

"How's it stand?"

"Do we get what we want?"

"Come on, quick!"

"Tell us all about it!"

"Give us the news!"

The commands and questions poured in from a half hundred who had rushed upon the three.

One jumped on a packing-box and shouted:

"Boys, we saw them an' there's nothin' for us to do but fight! They told us to strike and be damned!"

* * *

WHEN Sam Hoop first heard of the big strike he shook his head and said:

"They can't win, never in a thousand years."

He was a man of about 60 years, gray-haired and slightly bent. His gait was labored and invariably after the slightest physical effort he breathed heavily. As a youth and a man, Hoop had tended steam boilers. He had even known years of service in the Sullivan Machine plant, but with the appearance of gray in his hair, he had been told to go. Hardened arteries cause slow movement, and slow movements in a wage worker are usually followed by his discharge.

For a decade, Sam Hoop had not been permitted to work. For a decade he had been forced to do the odd jobs about town—helping a huckster, cleaning stables, puttering about at this and that in an effort to live.

But now, with all the men away from their jobs, there appeared to be a chance even for Sam Hoop. He shook his head again and

muttered something about "them bein' able to use a man even though he wouldn't be all that's wanted for speed."

Sam Hoop little considered the meaning of a strike, or the purpose of it all—he only knew they had quit work, that work was to be done and that he was willing to do some of that work and get "back into the game." That was all. The strike meant a job—a good job at the boilers, with regular pay, yes, even good pay. So Sam Hoop rose to his feet and walked to the shops.

* * *

THE RECEPTION accorded him was unlike those of the past. This time he wasn't told "there's nothing doing." Nor was he informed that "everything's filled up." Mr. Hillman, the superintendent, received him with an air of cordiality. Mr. Hillman even shook hands with Mr.—emphasis on Mister—Samuel (note the "uel") Hoop.

"Ah, glad to see you. . . . You're looking fine, Mr. Hoop. . . . We've had a little interference. . . . The men sort of took a vacation for a while. . . . Nothing to it, though. . . . Soon blow over. . . . We can use you in the engine room, tomorrow. . . . Report early. . . . Four dollars a day while the men remain stubborn. . . . There are big crews coming in from New York, Philadelphia and Chicago. . . . They'll be here late tonight. . . ."

* * *

FOUR dollars! Sam Hoop's head almost reeled; he could hardly believe this wonderful news. Four dollars!—a day! Why, that was as much as he seemed able to earn in a whole week—four dollars.

As he walked from the shops he appeared inordinately spry. He walked with astounding rapidity. But, soon after, he was forced to give in under the physical strain and draw his breath as though he had galloped a mile. Then, in order to still the excitement of his heart, he seated himself on a stoop and rested.

But, his smile of satisfaction remained. The joy of the day was his—he had a job—and his pay would be four dollars a day!

Somehow he vaguely knew that a certain amount of physical punishment was the lot of the strike-breaker, but he felt that his years would keep him from suffering at the hands of the strikers. Again, the strikers knew he was very, very poor—so they would excuse him.

The news spread rapidly. Sam Hoop was to assist in breaking the strike! Everyone knew this Sam Hoop.

"Ye'll get yer face busted," said one, shaking a threatening fist.

"Yuh better keep away termorrer," said another.

Still another prophesied, "I can see yer finish right now."

The threats flew thick and fast—Hoop's answers were evasive, and, for that reason, all the more convincing to those who knew him that he really intended reporting for work. They didn't know that something was dangling before Hoop's eyes—something tempting—four dollars.

He went his way, looking neither to the right nor the left, paying no attention to the curses, ignoring the threats.

While Hoop was sleeping, while the strikers were resting after their day of excitement, a silent army of men was smuggled into the town and led to the shops, where they were received by the officers of the company who outlined details, assured them that danger was slight, that protection would be efficient, and the like—and all was ready for the morning's happenings.

Sam Hoop rose early. For a brief minute he hesitated before going to the shops. Something told him there was much to fear, that the threats made against him were not without meaning.

Every time Sam Hoop left the shop gates he felt his heart thump as though it were about to break. His heart seemed to pound and pound with the strength and violence of a pile-driver. And whenever his heart went pounding, his head reeled—he was frightened.

Next night he crept home after a trying day's work in the boiler room. He was tired; he was haggard. Into bed he sprawled and the worry and fright led him to dream a wierd dream which sent the cold perspiration creeping from every pore.

Hoop awoke—frozen with terror. He screamed his fear. He cried his anguish. He felt about and realized he was prone upon the floor; safe, except for the incessant pounding of his frightened heart.

He whimpered his fear, implored mercy, seemingly unable to believe he was safe and that no real danger faced him. He lay in bed—the dread of it all in his heart—that heart which responded with pain to each of his fears.

He felt this was an omen for the future. He realized that his dream was a premonition of what was really to happen on the morrow, when he would go to the boiler room. The strikers would dynamite the plant! He trembled with fear. He dared not return. No, he must not, for every man in the place would die—yes, die at the hands of the dynamiters!

The longer he trembled and considered the impending tragedy the more certain he became that should he return to work his fate would be sealed, he would be torn to pieces.

So, when dawn slowly dispelled the night, instead of going to the boiler room he went to the superintendent and told him of his fears.

He stammered:

"No; I musn't work today—tomorrow I'll work—but not today."

"There's nothing to be afraid of," said the other.

"Yes, there is; they're going to blow up the place today! I know it; I know it—I'm sure they are—if I work I'll be a dead man tonight—"

"You're an old fool—that's what you are," exclaimed Superintendent Hillman. "Nothing can happen here; we've got the place guarded too well. Don't you know we have a dozen deputy sheriffs here? Don't you know we have twice as many guards? How can they get in to do any damage? Just you go right back to work and forget this foolishness."

Thus assured by the superintendent, Sam Hoop trudged his way to the boiler room. He did his work as though he were in a trance. Every word he heard sent a sense of pain through him—he dreaded every voice, every sound of a tool, every hiss of steam; every noise—everything paralyzed him with dread. The explosion must come, he told himself again and again. He worked and worked, his heart pounding incessantly, keeping him in a state verging on collapse.

Suddenly—great God—everything about him became black as night, something in his brain drew taut and snapped, a terrific explosion sounded in his ears, a bang of something mighty—it was *the* explosion! The Sullivan plant was being blown up—the strikers were destroying the whole crew!

Something tore at every fibre in his body. He fell to the ground.

* * *

AFTER the coroner's deputy examined Sam Hoop's remains he opened his record book, and next to "Cause of Death" wrote—"heart failure."

The Prince of Cash.

SEATED in his cage in the First National Bank, Jean Wellman found himself a very busy man. The first to stop before his barred window was a well-known business man, who called for \$12,000 in cash. In less time than it takes a back alley cat to spring from one fence to another, Wellman had the money counted and placed in the hands of the depositor.

"Makes me a little nervous to carry this much money with me," the business man remarked, tucking the money into an inside pocket.

"Tut, tut. That's a mere bagatelle," replied Wellman, smiling. "No man should get nervous with less than \$100,000 in his wallet."

And when the depositor walked off, Wellman remarked to himself:

"Funny how some people make a fuss over a little bit of money like that! Twelve thousand dollars—what a trifle to worry a man! Bah!"

Within the next half hour this genial teller handed out \$80,000 with the speed of a lightning stroke and the ease of an artist.

He handled thousands of dollars as though they were mere marbles. A call for anything less than \$10,000 bored him—Wellman liked to handle money—not mere "chicken feed," as he put it.

A woman asked for \$6,000.

The fuss she made over it, the nervous manner in which she recounted the money and the care with which she pinned the little bundle of money into her bag, annoyed Wellman—but his smile didn't disappear. He was an artist in the science of concealing his feelings—that was a part of his business.

When a cashier of an automobile factory came for pay-roll money and called for \$56,000, Wellman became interested.

"That's a decent sum to handle," he thought.

It took him exactly forty-eight seconds to count it.

The next was a mere beggar's mite—\$100. What a trifling thing to ask for—\$100. Why should a man be troubled with such trifles?

"Ah, good morning, Mr. Pendwendle. Yes, sir, here you are—in thousand dollar notes—eighteen of them—good morning. . . . Ah, \$20,000—certainly, here you are. . . . Yes, Maude Adams is charming. . . . We may win the penant if Grogan pitches oftener. . . . There's no telling what'll happen."

By noon, Wellman passed \$400,000 to depositors. He handled the immense sum of money without even a twinge of his nerves, without a wince of his fine mouth. It was all a matter of detail—easily done, quickly done and invariably efficiently done.

"Oh, no; count it again and you'll see I'm right. . . . Certainly, don't mention it. . . . What's that? . . . Yes, they say there are 5,000,000 germs on every dollar note, but they never bother me. . . . To be sure. . . .

"Is this a seven or a nine? . . . Thank you. . . . Yes, we close on legal holidays. . . . You can't always tell by a woman's appearances. . . . Yes, she is a peach, all right, and she has the complexion and brains of a peach. . . . No, I don't think women make good bank clerks—\$10,000? Here you are—good day. . . . Oh, good day. . . . Oh, no, it won't rain. . . ."

At noon, Wellman donned his hat. Before leaving, however, he stopped at the adjoining window and asked:

"I say, old man, you wouldn't mind lending me a half dollar so's I can eat, would you? I'm clean busted."

Matty and Abbo.

WHEN you proclaim that you are weary of narrations that deal with prostitutes, I cannot do other than concur. We have had them as numerous as the hairs on the head. Your reaction is almost inevitable. Chartered libertines, be they ever so humble, are interesting, to be sure, but they have had center-stage too long. Your cry for a halt deserves deference. But, whether you smile or frown, I shall quilldrive my story of Miss Nash—who was not a trollop, but a “Madame” if you please.

Miss Matty Nash had been a kept woman for many a long day. As a *fille de joie*, she had purveyed, in her own way, to men of different feather, for sums that varied. It could never be said off-hand that Matty’s morality was that of the barnyard. Matty was not of the type that demanded so much for such service; rather, her price, at times, was unalloyed love; again, all that the traffic could bear. True, promiscuous she was, but of an idealistic sort, giving and accepting love from a man until he had become a known quantity; but when he had ceased to interest her, Matty shut up shop.

Matty came from folks who were of the most commonplace. Had she confined her attentions to but one man, she might have become one of the most plebeian of mortals, but, as it was, she imbibed manifold viewpoints and became familiar with the insights to life that are sealed volumes to the average woman of sheltered existence. She mingled with the choice spirits, and from each she procured what, in the total, composes an outlook on life that is interesting even though it may, at times, suggest the inelegant. In truth, Matty was just vulgar enough to be interesting, and just interesting enough to be vulgar.

It was after seven years of this existence, at a time when she found herself hesitating about confessing she had passed her thirtieth year, that she concluded to “strike out” for herself—which means, in effect, that she took in “boarders”, which, in turn, is a delicate way of saying that young women willing to accept the embraces of men at so much an embrace were housed in a beautiful twelve-room apartment in a section of the city where everything, to those who take a superficial view of localities, appears “respectable” enough, and where anything may occur provided it happens in a quiet and an orderly manner.

It was in a quarter where rowdy vice is objected to, but where nothing is uttered against a refined iniquity that has finesse and stratagem, that observes the proprieties, that, in a word, shows good taste. If I may be permitted to become pointed in my conclusions, I shall state that Matty’s apartment was in a neighborhood where you and I and the best people reside. We may as well be frank. We know that these things are so. Why essay to disclaim them? It is nothing unusual for a staid old professor of paleology to occupy an apartment adjoining one tenanted by a well-bred, handsome lady who entertains a few “boarders.” And when this cultured matron permits an occasional gentleman to ride up the elevator and quietly wend his way to her door, who is to say her nay? Who is to make rancorous incriminations?

A decorous lady like Matty—one of her polish and courtliness—would never suffer too many visitors of a night. First of all, it would be fatal. Again, “speedy vice” does not offer the emoluments that come with “leisurely vice.” It is better to use judgment and discretion in choosing a man of means and position than to open one’s

doors to every male being who can flash a few pieces of green paper. No one would ever affirm that Matty was not a practical woman. She was a happy combination of utilitarianism and estheticism, appreciating the beautiful and valuing the useful.

Her twelve rooms were charmingly furnished. She knew a beautiful picture when she saw one. The volumes that lined her bookcases were of the best. Her rooms were so arranged that four gentlemen could be received at one time and each would never know who was in the other rooms. Things were so efficiently conducted that a man could enter the apartment, pass to a lovely reception room and imagine that he was the sole guest. The place was so quiet that it ceased to be a brothelry and became an altar where lovers—of a sort—might meet to kiss away their cares.

Matty's "boarders" were ladies; they were never expected to caress men who might prove repugnant to them. There was an element of beauty in the relationships she arranged for her charges. And, to be sure, Matty entertained along with the rest; only, she was far more difficult to get, preferring to choose with extreme care.

On the afternoon I have in mind, Matty received a phone call from Abbo Rodman. Here was another instance in which the artist in Matty's soul expressed itself. Abbo, who was not a person of wealth, interested her—both physically and intellectually—and disregarding so sordid a thing as revenue, she always received him with open arms, giving the kiss that has the warmth of sincerity and true affection. Matty answered his "hello" with cordiality and made haste to welcome him to her place. Informed that he would join her as soon as it was possible to reach the apartment, she uttered a sentence or two in which she expressed an ardent hankering to receive him, and hung up the receiver.

* * *

ABBO, a man of thirty-two, was huge—surely at least two inches more than six feet in height. He wore loose attire that seemed to add to his stature. There was a fine indifference to his "wear" of garments. Of excellent texture, they were never pressed. A mere stroke with the whiskbroom and they were slipped on; and, though there was no crease down his trousers, one could little deny that his dress was pleasing. After all, one can be careless only with clothes that cost a great deal. Shoddy garments must be coddled and coaxed, but valuable weaves may be abused to the extreme and still appear winning.

Abbo Rodman had been a newspaperman until the inevitable happened. Either secretly or admittedly, all newspapermen crave to pilot a magazine in which they could print everything they may long to express, though what they say may be of the most unimportance. It is not unusual to hear them utter their surreptitious ambition for a personal medium. The domesticated type of man may fancy a little cottage in the country, a yard full of chickens, a wife and three children, but the typical newspaperman visions in a John-adreams enthusiasm the day when he will have his own thirty-two page journal, to be issued once a month for a few thousand extraordinary souls who will always lend a willing ear. Abbo had dreamed the day dream of the toiling scribblers; and he had, four years before, resigned his place on the staff of *The Press* and gone to the printers for estimates. For sixty dollars a month he had got what he wanted; thirty-two pages, six by eight in size.

He had had a lucky streak. Having sold a few short stories to the popular magazines, and an essay or two on literary and art topics to what is often referred to as a "high-brow" periodical, and having almost five hundred dollars in his purse, he had waved

farewell to a job that irritated him. Thus did he begin to journey on what was to him a new, uncharted sea.

Abbo, who possessed genuine style, had something to say. His opinions were compelling. His taste in literature was mature. He had genius for paradoxes, and never stooped to banality or platitude. He had contempt for current theories of morality, and nothing pleased him better than the task of ridiculing the smugness of the middle class, the ethics of the House of Have, and the superstitions of the masses. He never hesitated to befriend unpopular causes. He was never happier than when he was writing what he often termed "the minority reports." Abbo was a living protest against all that is trite in ideas or mediocre in attitude.

Throughout this land there are, probably, five thousand persons (mainly men) who have an inordinate appetite for "peculiar" angles of thought, and they find that their soul-hunger can never be satisfied by reading current popular literature. They turn to the stray singers and minstrels who tell their tales of woe and who carol their lilt of ecstasy in "one man magazines." Of these five thousand, Abbo had corralled about eleven hundred, who paid their dollar without the slightest reluctance and who read his opinions as though they were enraptured disciples at the pedestal of a latter-day saint. Sure of his eleven hundred dollars a year, Abbo's task was to sell to editors enough matter in order to meet the inevitable deficit. He was not a success; however, he managed to sell. The money that came did not remain long, for there always was a bill to be met; always a creditor to be silenced.

This free lance paid, when compelled; and he "stalled" as long as possible. His was a beautiful indifference and an irritating calm. He was always on the verge of financial collapse, according to his friends, but "Abbo's Monthly" always succeeded in appearing. Oh, it is not necessary to go into detail—it seems as though there is a mysterious power that watches over all "one man magazines" and sees that these innocent children safely cross the stream.

* * *

MATTY, enamored with his keen mind and his virile physique, thought there was not another man who could pronounce such stimulating things or make such clever observations? An afternoon with Abbo, she muttered as she stepped from the telephone, would be pleasant indeed; and it was with no little impatience that she awaited his arrival.

On the table there was a bottle of Matty's best wine to bid him welcome. Even Mr. Featherstone, president of the C. J. and N. Railroad, could not induce Matty to share this precious liquid with him. It was for Abbo alone that Matty fetched her concentrated enthusiasm. She was not a wine-bibber; it was only on rare occasions that she consumed more than a bumper or two, but when she was in Abbo's company, when she listened to his frolicsome, exhilarating conversation and sensed the throb of his humor, she would join him, glass for glass.

He was in a particularly buoyant mood. "Abbo's Monthly" had ventured its perilous journey and reached port in good time. His articles required neither apologies nor explanations. He was free, for many days to come; at liberty to fritter away time, the vice of the great. Abbo loved to take days and fling them into the discard. His great joy was to squander life. The candle of life is to be burned, Abbo told Matty. Not at one end, but at both; and, if possible, a wick should be inserted in the middle. That is what candles are for—to be burned. "When I die," he remarked; "I want to be in such condition that the undertaker won't be able to say:

"My, what a pity! Isn't he a healthy-looking beast!" I want to be burned out completely. I am jealous of death and shall leave him nothing. When I cash in, there shall be no chips. I want to burn the candle."

* * *

THEY GUZZLED; and, as these belly-gods sipped, their beings became incandescent. Abbo talked with growing volubility as he consumed more and more. The decanter was soon emptied, and another was ushered into service; then, still another. Each drop meant an epigram, and as there were many drops, the epigrams were numerous. Philosophies were spun, and between philosophies, Abbo embraced Matty and kissed her again and again. Life is fundamentally sensual, he said; and the delights of the flesh, he argued, could never be equalled by the adventures of the mind, for by his senses man lives, conquers, suffers and dies.

The hours galloped by. Matty had shifted the easy task of "superintendence" to others, electing to devote all her time to Abbo. Some ten hours later (which meant that it was almost an hour after midnight), Matty and Abbo lay asleep, hopelessly inebriated.

* * *

IT WAS ABOUT ten o'clock when Judge Lempler toddled into Matty's apartment. His Honor was a fat, dowdy person, with a hawhaw that was grating. He imagined that because his cachinnation was roof-shaking he was, as a logical result, the possessor of a rare sense of humor. He visited Matty's place quite often, for there was a young blonde who appealed to him. He explained away what many consider misconduct by saying: "My poor dear wife is getting old; and she's very sick. Now, what can a healthy man like me do, when he has an invalid wife?" This argument was considered unanswerable. The judge liked Matty's place because of the beauty of the surroundings, the privacy—and, above all, the charm of the blonde.

"Where's Matty?" Judge Lempler quizzed the maid.

"Asleep—I think," she responded, somewhat confused. "Miss Alberts—the blonde—is ready to receive you," she added, with hesitancy.

"Asleep? At this time of the night? What do you mean?"

"She's not feeling well—"

"Nonsense. Who is she with?"

Undoubtedly, if the judge had not tiddled too freely, he might not have asked such direct questions. Afraid to offend the judge, the maid answered.

"She's been with Mr. Rodman."

"When?"

"This afternoon, sir."

"And where is he now?"

"In Miss Matty's room, sir."

"They're so true to each other, it's a wonder they don't get married."

This impressed the judge as being extremely funny. After a roar, he remarked:

"They have the instincts of respectable married people. Say!"—and here he could hardly control himself—"wouldn't it be a great joke if they were to get married!—legally, I mean."

After another outburst, he exclaimed:

"The joke of the year! Think of it! Abbo, of 'Abbo's Monthly'—editor, free lance, booze expert, hater of conventions, married to Matty Nash—keeper of a house of joy, high priestess of promiscuity! What a joke!"

Even the maid, who was leaving him to his whiskey and soda, could not withhold a snicker.

Miss Alberts—who entered a few moments later—said, after kissing the judge and hearing what he considered a remarkable joke:

"They love each other enough to marry. Matty never stops talking about him; and he won't look at anybody else in the place."

"Good," said the judge; "let's wake them up, while they're still drunk"—the maid had tactfully imparted the information that both were incapacitated—"and we'll put it up to them in such a way that they won't be able to say no. I'll get my friend in the County Clerk's office to issue a license; I'll perform the ceremony, and we'll have them married in a jiffy. Yes, sir; man and wife, for better or for worse; with promises to love, honor and obey"—another roar of laughter—"and back to bed they can go."

* * *

ON THE following day, at about noon, Abbo and Matty awoke. Looking at the pillow, he beheld a bit of paper pinned to it.

"What's this?" he demanded, somewhat sleepily.

Matty turned her head and read it. She could hardly believe her eyes.

"We're married!" she announced. "My God! We're married!"

"Let me see," Abbo almost yelled.

True enough, they were married; there could be no denial of this; here it was; a marriage certificate—with his name, and Matty's name.

"Heavens! I'm disgraced! I—Abbo Rodman—a married man!"

"And think of me," Matty added.

"Someone has been playing a joke on us—and a mean one, at that. I think it's awful to take advantage of a drunken writer and marry him off, especially when he doesn't believe in the marriage institution."

Matty, seeing the humor of the situation, laughed.

"I'll get a lawyer," she decided, quickly, "and have him draw up divorce papers."

"On what grounds?"

"Oh, this talk is foolish," Matty announced. "I love you, Abbo, and you love me—don't you?"

"Uh-huh!"

"Then why bother about a divorce?"

Abbo was willing. Murmuring "wife," he took Matty in his arms and kissed her.

* * *

THAT AFTERNOON, Abbo travelled downtown to his home, where a large room served as living quarters and editorial office. Soon, everything was packed and ready to be carted to Matty's apartment, where, as already agreed, he was to live and do his work. He would have no worries. Matty had plenty of money—she would see to it that all his needs and the requirements of his publication were met.

Thus did the editor and proprietor of "Abbo's Monthly" settle down to the life of a married man; and thus did Matty Rodman—owner of an exclusive resort—become a lawfully wedded wife. It was *the* topic in the cafes and the clubs where Abbo was known and liked.

It was not long before Matty—who, as already mentioned, was of a practical turn of mind—saw that "Abbo's Monthly" had great possibilities. She realized that his circle of readers was growing and that his work was appreciated. There was no reason why the magazine should not be given a chance to grow, she concluded.

Matty was of the opinion that "Abbo's Monthly" should become "Abbo's Weekly," that it should be enlarged, and that "a little color should be thrown on the cover." With Matty's money, Abbo made the improvements. He worked hard, writing a great deal and encouraging a group of young authors to express themselves. He soon developed what came to be known as "the Abbo School of Literature." The circulation took satisfactory strides.

As soon as the periodical became a weekly, Matty decided it was the appropriate time for determined efforts to sell advertising space. She was shrewd enough to know that the magazine could soon carry itself on the money received in payment for space purchased by business men. Abbo, she felt convinced, was not the type of person to attend efficiently to such matters, so she took the task on her own shoulders, even to the neglect of her own business.

Soliciting advertisements was not difficult. She did not go a step from her apartment, but forced the market to come to her. In came Mr. Spencer Harbut, a director of the Tenth National Bank, who was fond of one of Matty's "boarders", and he had to acquiesce when she requested him to lend his influence to have the bank use the advertising columns of "Abbo's Weekly." It was impossible to say no; as a result, the Tenth National Bank contracted for a quarter of a page for an entire year, which meant a weekly income of twenty-five dollars. A department store manager, who visited Matt's apartment frequently, bought a half-page advertisement.

Mr. Harrison Berlin, of the Mutual Loan Corporation, contracted for space. So did Henry Wilfred Stone, of the gas company. Hiram S. Fischer, secretary of the Empire Realty Company, saw to it that his firm bought a half page. Abbo's advertising columns soon grew to resemble Matty's calling list.

As a result Abbo's magazine prospered. Where but a few months before it had been a losing proposition, it now became a money-maker. Book companies began to use the magazine to advertise their latest volumes. Other firms followed. Abby no longer was looked upon as a free larce. He was a publisher, an editor of a powerful organ.

Before long it was decided to close the apartment entirely and abandon the business of conducting a resort. Abbo was beginning to worry about his future as a publisher, and Matty, seeing that the magazine was good-paying, did not feel sorry when she saw her way clear to tell the girls to go their separate ways.

The magazine had been a weekly for less than a year when Abbo and his wife were located in a beautiful mansion. Abbo went to his downtown office in a huge car. There were servants at the home. There were many wealthy friends anxious to have them pay them social calls.

Abbo's past was excused "on literary grounds." Matty was considered a highly cultured woman, despite reports of former doings. It was looked upon as something quite interesting to met such a woman as Mrs. Abbo Rodman, wife of the famous editor and publisher. True, these friends were not of the "first" houses; at least they were close seconds. Gradually, Mrs. Rodman became a much-sought woman. Abbo was recognized as one of the powerful men of the community, a person who could influence for good or evil.

Mr. Featherstone, who as already mentioned was president of the C. J. & N. Railroad, telephoned to Mr. Rodman one morning, asking him to call at his office. It was urgent, said the president. Hurrying into his car, Abbo was soon there.

The point was reached without waste of words. Mr. Featherstone was desirous of Mr. Abbo Rodman's help in a little matter. He

wanted Abbo to "take up a proposition." Would he be willing to write a few editorials? Would he support the plan? Abbo announced that he was in sympathy with the move and would lend his support. Of course, the advertisement would be increased from a quarter page to a full page. This would be highly appreciated.

Mr. Featherstone outlined the plan. The present railroad station was entirely too small. The traffic demanded a new one. The ideal spot, said Mr. Featherstone, was where the red light district was holding forth. But, unfortunately, houses dedicated to vice are exceedingly expensive, their value is inflated. The fact that a house is used for immoral purposes makes it of great financial worth, as any business man knows. Rents are high; prices are immense. Now, if the city administration could be forced to "put down the lid," these houses would be closed by the police, and the price of real estate would take a fearful slump. The railroad's representatives could then step in and dictate prices.

"Very simple," said Mr. Featherstone. "Of course," he announced, confidentially, "we tell you this because we know you are friendly to us. We tell you the motive for our vice crusade, as we know you won't tell the public, or, rather, the real estate owners. If you will write a number of editorials demanding the closing of the district, you will help in our campaign. Other editors who we know to be friendly have been or are to be approached."

Abbo nodded his head.

"I understand," he said. "All I have to do is to make strong pleas for civic purity and decency. That's easy. The police will be forced to do the rest. And your company will step in, after the work is done, buy up the places and have a station built, saving thousands of dollars. Good scheme, Mr. Featherstone. I tell you, it's brains that count. I could never think of such a brilliant plan. I take off my topper to you."

Matty fell in with the scheme. She saw that full-page advertisement. It would be a splendid thing, she thought. Matty and Abbo both worked on the first editorial. Abbo wrote it; Matty made suggestions for improvement.

The next issue contained a demand for a viceless city; the police were commanded to clean up the district; decency demanded that the black spot be wiped out. When he read the editorial Abbo could not refrain from laughing; and when he thought of the advertisements he chuckled.

"You've become a pillar in society," said Matty.

"Things move when they get started," commented Abbo.

"And what a lucky start we had," said Matty.

"Yes," Abbo added, "both drunk in a swell dive and married by a practical joker."

"You don't have to throw *our* past up to me," said Matty, a frown darkening her face.

"Let Us Pray."

BARON MALAUSSENE, who had just returned from the front, was telling of his experiences.

He told of a chaplain who, manning a piece of artillery, killed several hundred, and then, taking off his uniform and donning his surplice, said: "Let us pray for the dead."

The Visionary.

THE Great Second Story Man entered society's warehouse and began to pilfer. He filled his bag with all sorts of silverware, jewels and certificates that would purchase mansions, automobiles and yachts.

A man rushed upon him, yelling:

"Here! Here! You are robbing the people! You must make restitution at once and never repeat this offense."

A crowd collected.

In a huff, the dignified Great Second Story Man said:

"The idea! How dare you interfere with me, you crazy Socialist! It's quite obvious you are visionary."

"That's right," said a man who seemed to express the sentiment of the crowd. "We don't want to pay any attention to this rainbow chaser."

With a smile of satisfaction, the Great Second Story Man swung his bag over his shoulder and ambled off.

The Dumb Muse.

SCURRYING Fritz labored in the kitchen of the castle. The smoke and the heavy odors, the heat and the chef's cursing, the first cook's fuming and the kitchen boy's hustling impressed one that here was a miniature inferno.

They called him "kitchen boy," but he wasn't a boy. Twenty-three, he said he was; thirty he appeared to be. And the decade Fritz spent in the castle's kitchen did not tend to beautify him. Fritz was less than five feet in height, was round shouldered, partly bald and his teeth were decayed. He had a quick, nervous, irregular gait; deep-sunken eyes; a sharp, piercing, childish laugh. He stammered when he spoke.

In Fritz's mind, life carried no complexities. It was a very simple matter, extremely so—work from dark morn till black night, sleep in a room close to the kitchen and eat occasionally. That was all.

He never cared to go out—he had not the time, nor had he presentable clothes; and above all, he knew no one. But Fritz never complained. He was contented. Nothing bothered him. Never did impossible desires creep into his heart and gnawingly linger there to disturb the daily routine of his life.

* * *

FOR A WEEK, the entire force labored extra hard preparing for a banquet to be held in the upper world. It meant work for all. The banquet was to take place in the dining room directly above; and for days a small army of electricians, carpenters and decorators had been at work transforming the room into the inside of a vast flower ball. At one end, a stage was erected from which a world-renowned orchestra was to perform.

On the day of the banquet, all toiled for eighteen consecutive hours. An hour before the guests congregated, the chef supervised the hauling of the food up into the pantry whence it was to be taken to the tables of the diners. As soon as that was attended

to, all the kitchen workers, except Fritz, went to their beds. Fritz still had work to do.

The exertion of the last few days had its effect on Fritz—he moved about sleepily; looked haggard, pale and his quick, jerky walk gave way to a slow, painful shamble.

But one light was burning and everything was quiet with the exception of a dull, continuous sound that floated down the dumb-waiter shaft. The sound was caused by the treading of many feet.

The noise gradually subsided and a deep silence prevailed. Not a sound reached Fritz, who continued his labors before the massive stove. As he was shoveling out the ashes, he heard a strange sound that came from above. He dropped his shovel—he was entranced. Never had he heard such strange, beautiful tones.

* * *

SLOW AND mournful were the tones of the violas as they opened the theme of the symphony. That morbid, largo movement seemed to sound the sobs and wails of the wretched and unhappy. As the violas entered farther into their theme, the sob-like tones became weaker and softer—slowly were the wails dying out, like the heartrending gasps of a bird that bears in its breast the shot of the hunter.

The violins took up a melody of joy. It appeared like a battle between a growing giant and a dying dove—louder and grander became the tones of bliss. Finally, the music of distress was heard no more.

Meanwhile, the song of happiness became stronger and mightier—new instruments joined in this symphony of love—the cellos, the wind, the brass, the harp, even the tympany entered this heavenly choir.

The violas had been silent since the cessation of their theme of mournfulness, but now the spirit of happiness pervaded their sadness and they also entered—though weak at first. The inspiration of the others gave added impetus and they also grew stronger in this song of ecstasy.

It was a race of sound. Which would first sound the lost chord of forgotten love, was the feeling it expressed. Rapidly and rhapsodically played the musicians. The tones were carried higher and higher, and every instrument seemed striving for that final vibrant chord.

All had caught the spirit of the message. None was lax. All went on, and up, higher and higher, when at last, with one climactic crash that vibrated through the entire building, the desired tone found expression. For a time they held it, and then—all sound died out—silence again was king—Fritz again a kitchen boy.

* * *

"WHAT WERE these strange sounds? Who made them?" Fritz thought to himself, muttering incoherently. Never had he undergone such sensations. He desired to feel, to touch, to see, to hear this that had thrilled him to the depths of his emotions.

For the first time he suspected that there was something above, in that world of song, that he had never known—something that pleased and gratified.

A great desire to hear more of this grand music came upon him. All evening Fritz remained at the bottom of the shaft listening to the music of the orchestra, the singing of the soprano, the soft, soothing tones of the violin and the rapid cadenzas of the piano.

When it was all over and Fritz had tumbled into bed, he remained awake for hours thinking of those glorious melodies he had heard—thinking of them and then enjoying them all over again.

He envied those who were above.

"Do I know any one who can play?" he asked himself. With a quick move he was seated in his bed. "Yes, the bell boy. He plays. I heard the help talk of him."

He fell back on the pillow and closed his eyes. He was sleepy, very sleepy, and as his consciousness faded under the spell of sleep, his last thoughts were of that youth from whom he would hear more of this light that had entered his soul—music.

* * *

THE BELL BOY, porters, gardner, watchman, chambermaids and the rest were seated at the tables in the help's hall, close to the kitchen. Presently Fritz entered the room. He seated himself beside the boy.

After hesitating a moment he asked: "You play the violin, don't you?"

"Yes, I do," was the lad's reply.

"Can I listen to you play tonight?"

"Certainly. The steward plays the piano and tonight we are going to practice together. Come up and listen."

"What time does the playing commence?" Fritz inquired.

"Oh, about eight-thirty," said the youth, taking a sip of coffee.

"I'll be there," Fritz answered.

That night the boy had an appreciative audience. Fritz drank in every note and looked on with greedy eyes. After an hour of Handel, Gounod, and Mendelssohn, they ceased playing. And then, while the bell boy was placing his instrument in its case, Fritz hesitatingly asked: "Do you think I ever could learn to play?"

The young musician was surprised. He never dreamed that the kitchen boy was interested in music to the extent of desiring to learn. "Well, I can't say. The best way to find out is to try," he answered.

"Well, will you give me lessons? I will pay you."

"Yes. But first of all you must have an instrument."

"All right, I will buy a violin."

Not many days passed before Fritz found himself the proud possessor of an instrument, box and bow that cost him a month's earnings. With his violin safely hidden under the bed, Fritz thought his ideal attained.

Only after work was finished could he practice, and to attempt it at that hour meant the curses of those who were forced to endure his ceaseless scratching. Their abuse he patiently bore. But even then, he was too tired and sleepy to put much enthusiasm into his efforts. His hands soon tired, his fingers moved slowly and painfully, and he was so nervous that he could hardly hold the bow.

All this was distasteful to the well meaning bell boy. It did not take him long to conclude that Fritz and music made an impossible combination. How to inform Fritz was a problem that racked his brain. Once the opportunity offered itself and in a soft tone he plainly told Fritz that it was useless for him to continue, that physical reasons made progress hopeless and that it would be best for him to abandon his intention.

This struck Fritz like a thunderbolt. All his dreams were shattered. All his plans were destroyed.

"Do you really think so? I will never know how to play?" Fritz asked.

"Yes, I feel certain. I'm sorry I encouraged you," the other answered candidly.

Fritz did not say another word. He was dazed. He merely shook his head. When he looked up, the bell boy was gone.

Fritz slowly regained his normal senses. He felt as though his heart were bursting.

Never? No, no; maybe he means I will never be a great player," Fritz thought. He darted out of the room after the departing boy. A minute later he was at his side.

Grasping his arm, he hastily asked: "Do you mean that I'll never know how to play a little bit?"

The bell boy slowly nodded his head. Fritz did not walk any farther with the bell boy. He turned back.

"I will never know how to play," Fritz sighed. "Never, never, never."

For the first time in years, his eyes were dimmed with tears.

* * *

AS HE staggered along the pathway he began to question things. He saw the futility of harboring a single ray of hope. He realized that his ideal could not be realized. He saw that his whole life had been wasted, that he had been serving others so busily that he had forgotten himself; and now, when he reminded himself of his cruelty to his own life, he saw that too late he had become awakened from his slumbers.

He continued to the end of the path and entered the road. Again and again, he muttered, "I will never know how to play, Never, never, never."

So, through the night a lone boy staggered along, looking neither to the right nor the left—he walked and walked, but knew not where. He only thought of his misfortune and in his breast he could feel an all-consuming fire—a fire of destruction.

For the first time he glanced back over the years he had traveled. He saw he had always been alone; had never known what it meant to have the love of a mother, the guidance of a father, the admiration of a friend or the smile of a woman—all his life he had been alone to toil.

What is there to live for? Fritz asked himself. Only to work all day, sleep in dirt, bear the curses and kicks of brutes and breathe the foul air or rottenness.

Before him was Echo Bay. They bay! How calm, how resting, how beautiful it was as it glittered with the light of the moon and imaged the dark sky and fantastically formed clouds that hovered above; and the grass, the trees, the mighty rocks and the distant hills—all were there in all their magnificence.

But Fritz was tired—tired of everything—of life, of work. He craved rest. The night breathed the song of rest.

Soon he stood on a rock overhanging the bay. He gazed down intently. It seemed to call him—to rest.

Yes, yes, he heard. It was calling him and he would answer.

He plunged forward, diving clumsily into the little waves. The water filled his throat, but he choked and battled forward. It seemed to him that above the roar in his ears there came the re-joicing of a violin. It sang its happiness from an infinite distance. Then it seemed to him that the string snapped and thereupon the waters and the whole world lapsed into dreamless silence.

A Bit of Fantasy.

THE grim reaper stopped at the lady's door, and with a firm knock notified her of his presence.

"Oh, so it's you," the lady said.

"Yes," said Death; "the time has come. It's your turn."

"I suppose it won't do me any good to plead for mercy—"

"No, you must come with me."

"Immediately?"

"Absolutely—and without argument."

"Then I wish to ask you to allow me one minute—just one minute."

"It's not the custom, lady."

"Can't you allow an exception?"

"Well, if you don't want any longer, I consent."

"Oh, thank you."

She hurried to a mirror. For sixty-two seconds, she labored with a chamois, powdering her shiny nose.

The Wine That Talked.

*"I often wonder what the vintner buys
One-half so precious as the stuff he sells."*

—Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.

THE LIBRARY shelves are groaning with books that end with —"and they married and lived happily ever after." This story is to begin where the others stop—Kitty and Donald married.

On this particular evening things went extraordinarily bad. For instance, Donald's feet had a very unlady-like habit of falling asleep every time Kitty tried to sit in his lap. No alarm clock can awaken a sleeping foot—the only thing for Kitty to do was to get off and sit on the piano stool.

And that is exactly what Kitty did. But alas, Donald was trying to read, so, with a frown, he remarked:

"Now, don't you get enough time to bang on that miserable box while I'm away? I do wish you'd quit this infernal torture while I'm trying to read—"

"You used to like my playing—"

"You oughtn't to throw that at me," snapped Donald.

"Oh, you old pessimist," Kitty hissed.

"That's because I'm your husband," was Donald's quick sally.

Kitty's lips pursed. She had a stinging reply to hurl. But, she decided to speak slowly, very slowly—so anxious was she to pierce him to the core. Before she could utter a word, the bell rang.

It was Edgar Hastings, Donald's old chum of bachelor days, who called.

"I say, old man, what do you say to the three of us passing an hour or two at old Casselli's?" Edgar asked.

"Oh, that'll be grand!" Kitty exclaimed, glad that Edgar had included her in his invitation.

Soon they were seated at a table. Kitty and Donald forgot their spat, the wine flowed freely and good humor reigned. All drank of the liquid joy and all were happy, particularly Kitty.

Donald had changed. His churlishness gave way to a boyish enthusiasm. He laughed and told funny stories that sent thrills of happiness through Kitty. Splenetic Donald had become a prince of good fellows.

Midnight still found Donald and Kitty together at the table; Edgar had bidden them good-night. And then a surprising thing happened. Donald leaned over and kissed Kitty. She blushed, for this was almost a new experience. She trembled with excitement and happiness.

"Ah, my dear little wife," Donald whispered. "How happy I am when we are together? You are my sweet Kitty, and I love you."

Kitty could hardly believe her senses. She glanced around hastily to see if anyone were listening. Then she spied the bottles on the table. She paled. Kitty realized it was not Donald but the wine that was speaking.

"Young Man, You're Raving."

"YOUNG man," blurted Clark Harding, as he threw Jordan's copy into the receptacle for all that proves unsatisfactory to newspaper editors; "young man, you're raving."

Jordan snapped:

"That's a big story."

"Maybe it is, but I'm not paying you for what *you* consider big stories. I want the stuff that I want—and I don't want anything else. That's clear, eh?"

"The people ought to know about *that*"—Jordan pointed to the waste-basket.

"Maybe so," Harding returned, "but this is *my* paper, and I'm not interested in knocking the gas company."

"The people *are* going to know," Jordan declared, quickly. He leaned over and took his copy from the basket. Shaking it in Harding's face, he added:

"If there isn't a newspaper that'll print this story then it means there's room for *another* and I'm going to start it."

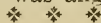
Harding, paying no attention to this ridiculous statement, slowly said:

"You'd make a valuable man, Jordan, if you'd drop your fool notions and get into the traces. You've got lots of good stuff in your make-up, but you've got no judgment or you wouldn't bring in a story like this. The idea! If it had been somebody else, I'd fire him on the spot."

"I'm through," Jordan announced. "I'm going to get this story before the people if I have to hold soap-box meetings in competition with the Salvation Army."

And, true to his word, Jordan quit and went the round of the papers, but found them unwilling to print his story. They couldn't deny that what he said was true, for Jordan had given much time to his facts. They had to admit that Jordan was telling the truth when he charged the gas corporation with bribing the city council in order to obtain an extension of its franchise.

Certain that he could not get a hearing, Jordan proceeded to carry out his threat. He was young—and that explained a great deal. Young men always do impossible things—and Jordan was a very young man; and Jordan was angry, too.



NEWSPAPERS are exceedingly funny things. They can cost a million, or they can be established with the price of a box of cigars. Jordan knew this. Harding's plant cost a half million, and when his mountain labored, it brought forth an eight-page morning paper that delighted the fuzzy-wuzzies because of its "quiet tone", its "dignity and respectability." And yet, it cost a half million. Great presses, twenty-two linotypes, a big ad room, a top-heavy editorial staff—all to get out the eight-page organ of Things As They Are.

Jordan got busy and saw a man who was publishing a weekly paper at the end of a carline, somewhere, somehow—why, nobody knew. He had a plant that was worth less than the price of a second-hand Ford. Jordan offered him cash, and, to the surprise of no one, the publisher and editor of *The Weekly Eagle* accepted.

Jordan loaded the entire outfit into a wagon and had it delivered at an empty store some blocks from the center of the city, where rent was low. He looked over his possessions, and concluded that if he couldn't raise cash on the outfit, he'd surely raise hell. And he did.

Jordan got a printer who had lots of faith in humanity, which means he didn't inquire if wages would visit in the manner that wages should.

"I'm going to get out a four-page paper," he told Nelson.

"With what?"

"With *this*," Jordan replied.

"I don't doubt that you can get *something* out of *this*, but you ain't going to call it a newspaper, are you?"

"I sure am. The people's paper—that's it! *The People's Paper*—that's what I'm going to call it. A good name—*The People's Paper*; and it's going to fight the people's battles. If you want to help, I'll make you foreman when I erect my new building."

Nelson threw off his coat and went to work.

"You can begin on this," Jordan said, handing him the copy that Harding had rejected. "And," he added, "it doesn't make much difference what else gets in. This story will sell the paper."

With liberal use of display type and staggering headlines, the first page of Vol. 1, No. 1, of *The People's Paper*, in the language of Nelson, was a "humdinger." The seven-column headline, "Gas Company Exposed!" could be read a block away.

"So the People May Know" became the motto of Jordan's newspaper. He repeated it a dozen times in his four pages of fight. His editorial, set in 24-point type, announced that *The People's Paper* would be the community's crusader; it would hew to the line and let the chips fall where they may; it would be blind as a bat to all but the truth; it would expose unmercifully; it would espouse the cause of the poor and fight the conspiracies of the rich. *The People's Paper* would assist in labor's battles for justice, for better living conditions, for sanitary workshops. The union label would be boosted. Jordan's editorial read like a revolutionary manifesto. It plainly told advertisers that they would pay for space—"not for silence." *The People's Paper* would have no strings tied to it. Free speech! Free press! It throbbed with radicalism; it breathed revolution.

"There's a wallop in every line," Nelson commented, as he glanced over the final proofs.

"And a knock-out in every paragraph," Jordan added. "In tomorrow's issue I'm going to tell the people how foolish they are to expect a big paper for a penny. When it's bulky it has to lean on the crutches of big business, or it couldn't pay its paper bill. Anyway, the average person doesn't spend more than five minutes on a newspaper, so why patronize one that is filled with bunk?"

Four pages, at one cent, will satisfy anyone, provided they're full of snap and punch."

And then, the paper went to press. The old flatbed groaned when set in motion. It was christened "Rhinoceros" by Nelson, and Jordan agreed it was fitting. A piece of machinery has temperament. A press is more than a conglomerate of wheels and levers; it has personality and moods and temperament and responds to great causes. If one doubts this, let him ask a linotype operator, for instance. He will tell you his machine can think, can resent an insult and appreciate a kindness. "Rhinoceros" seemed to sense the fact that he wasn't laboring on "*The Weekly Eagle*" but over a daily organ of reform; and the result was astonishing.

Before long 3500 copies of *The People's Paper* were stacked in Jordan's shop. He had pre-dated the paper, so it could be of service on the following day; and, with his copies ready for distribution, he hired a wagon and got to work.

On the following morning the people greeted a newcomer. They had the pleasure of reading an afternoon paper, while the morning papers were still functioning, which was quite an innovation. The other papers didn't seem to mind, for *The People's Paper* impressed them as being a child, destined, like all good children, to a very short existence. Harding laughed at it; the gas company officials sneered; Jordan worked on the next issue—and the people gobbled up the 3500 papers.

The sales brought him a little over \$18, which pleased Jordan immensely; and, as expenses were exceedingly low, as both he and Nelson were not burdened with families, as both didn't have to pay room rent because they took what little rest they got in the rear of the composing room, there was enough money on hand to get out the next issue—which ambled forth to the tune of 5000, with a swifter wallop and a harder punch.

And then, to Jordan's delight, came the great street car strike. Sixteen hundred men quit. Their demands scorned by the officials, they organized for a long fight. This was Jordan's opportunity. He did not let it pass him. With a jump, he took up the cause of the oppressed workmen. While all the papers were misrepresenting and maligning the strikers, *The People's Paper* fought for the men, their wives and children. In need of funds, the officers of the union organized a squad of 200 men to sell copies of *The People's Paper* in the streets. The papers were sold as rapidly as "Rhinoceros" could turn them out. And the clumsy beast, the thick-skinned perissodactyl mammal, responded nobly, serving humanity as humanity should be served. The strikers sold the papers at five cents each, turning two cents back to Jordan, who, to be sure, was actually making a profit on a paper that was a little more than a week old. From then on the circulation depended on the capabilities of "Rhinoceros."

The strike lasted eight weeks, and if it had not been for the support of *The People's Paper* the fight would have been lost. The men returned to work, their demands granted, and Jordan was rewarded with a newspaper that was established in the hearts of the common people.

Business men, contrary to current opinion, are human beings and are moved by their immediate interests. When they saw that *The People's Paper* was reaching the people, and as they had commodities to sell, they purchased space in Jordan's paper.

As a result Jordan's paper moved into better quarters, with three linotypes, a Hoe press, a business office—and Nelson in charge of the composing room.

There were five department stores that gave advertising patronage to newspapers, and of these, Jordan succeeded in getting The Hub to purchase space. The Hub was conducted by a man who catered, primarily, to the working people. The others, striving for the middle and upper classes, didn't see any advantage in advertising in *The People's Paper*, but The Hub couldn't see its way clear to go into any paper but Jordan's.

So, *The People's Paper* became an established institution. It fought for everything that was right; it supported the radicals in all election campaigns, and exposed the politicians in office with a persistency and vigor that drove terror into the hearts of the interests.

* * *

"I'VE GOT a peach of a story," said Spencer, one of Jordan's liveliest reporters.

Jordan was all attention, for this lad had brought in most of the big stories.

"I'd like to spend a few days looking into the department stores. My idea is to connect the low wages of the department stores with the red light district. They ought to be a peach of a series," Spencer enthused.

"Good idea," Jordan agreed; "go to it."

Jordan, having a dinner engagement with Mr. Carlson Brill, general manager and owner of The Hub hurriedly left his office. This young man pleased Mr. Brill immensely, for Jordan was of the type of men he liked. And they became friends. He was introduced to Mr. Brill's daughter, an accomplished, charming young woman.

A few days later Spencer brought in his first story. It told, in a manner that amazed, of wages in the department stores. It exposed the unjust fines system, the long hours, the foul working conditions—and, above all, the miserable wages. And, The Hub was the worst of all.

"This is great stuff," said Jordan.

Spencer was delighted, but when he read his story that afternoon he noticed that all references to The Hub had been stricken out.

Jordan got along swimmingly with Mr. Brill, who appreciated the young publisher's kindness in omitting mention of his store. And Jordan learned to love Miss Brill, with the usual result. When they were married, Mr. Brill turned over an interest in The Hub to Jordan. Also, he told him of a good many propositions in which to invest his profits. Before long Jordan had huge sums in the gas corporation, the car company and a street paving concern.

Mr. Brill proposed Jordan's name for membership in the best club, and he was admitted. He mingled with the brothers of wealth and the leaders of the class of Have. He was a part of them. They liked him, and told him of many ventures that should, in time, prove profitable.

Saturdays and Sundays were always spent at the country club. He subscribed for a box at the opera. He donated liberally to the construction of a little theatre, devoted exclusively to plays that were artistic, though they were not popular. When the new city hall was dedicated, Jordan was one of the speakers. He became a thirty-third degree Mason, a high official in the I. O. O. F., toast-master at the banquets of the Knights of Pythias.

In the meantime *The People's Paper*, because of an astonishing volume of advertising, grew to sixteen pages. His policy was fearless when treating of the persecution of Mexican peons, of Jews in Russia and the dangers of Asiatic immigration, but he gradually grew to feel that it was unpracticable to reform too close to home.

And when another car strike broke forth, Spencer who covered the story in a masterful manner, brought in copy that championed the side of the strikers. But Jordan was a director in the car company, so he wasn't enthusiastic.

"Young man," blurted Jordan, as he threw Spencer's copy into the waste basket; "young man, you're raving."

A Patron of Art.

"**B** Y Jove! Smith," the editor exclaimed enthusiastically, "the chap that wrote this is a genius. He'll strike a new note if only he gets a chance. Read this 'copy' over, will you, and you'll see for yourself." While the manuscript was changing hands, the editor turned in his swivel chair and shouted, "Copy-boy!" "Say Tommy, what sort of a fellow brought this story in?"

"Aw, Gee, he's a bum lookin' skate. His skin's hangin' out over his bones, an' he soitenly looks as though he'd grab at a free lunch—"

"Tell him I want to see him," the editor ordered.

It was a forlorn creature that stepped to the desk. His appearance was none too pleasing. A pallid face, shrinking demeanor, furtive glance and weary expression were noticeable after a moment's glance.

"You wrote that?" the editor asked, pointing toward the manuscript in Smith's hands.

"Yes."

"Pretty good stuff," the editor remarked unenthusiastically; "I guess we'll be able to use it some day."

"T-thank you," came from the young man, his face lighting up with joy on hearing this decision. And then he hesitatingly inquired about the compensation.

"Oh, we pay our contributors on the Saturday morning following publication. Good morning."

Five or six days later Smith turned to the editor and said, "I say, what about that story you bought last week. I haven't seen it in print yet—"

"Oh, I'll use it some day," was the editor's reply. "I tell you Smith, I've read that manuscript over and over, and each time I'm convinced all the more that that young fellow has a great future before him, but I've decided to go slow—"

"Why?" interrupted Smith.

"Well, it's this way. I don't want to spoil the chap. I used to write that way when I was young, but prosperity and commercialism have ruined me. I don't want the same to happen to that boy, so I've decided to let him starve a while. It'll do him good and give him incentive for more and even better work."

Just then a reporter entered the room and handed in a half-dozen "local items." The editor hurriedly glanced at them. One impressed him particularly. It read:

"Steven Orland, a young man of twenty-two, said to have possessed marked literary talent, was found dead in his room at 210 East 12th street, yesterday morning. Starvation is given as the cause of his death."

"Well, what do you think of that?" the editor muttered to himself, as he threw the notice into his waste-basket. He feared Smith would see it.

Music Hath Charms.

OF COURSE, Dick was not to be totally blamed. Accidents will happen, you know. In a moment of carelessness, his horse turned to the right and caused the wagon's right wheels to sink into a foot-deep trench in which some of the city's laborers were digging.

The first thing Dick did was to get violently angry. He was in a hurry to catch a boat.

"Bring yer nag to the roight an' thin back oot," suggested a red-haired Irishman, after heaving a shovelful of soil on the sidewalk.

Dick tried to obey, but only managed to get his horse in the trench. To back the wagon was beyond that poor animal's strength, so he stood and puffed as Dick turned to the Irishman and called him a "muddle-headed Harp." Then followed a heated argument in which that son of Erin threatened to put a three-foot dent in Dick's shadow.

In the meantime, a number of trolley cars had been blocked. The motormen and conductors all agreed that Dick should clear the way. One remarked that "that guy ain't no driver. He'd make a better nurse." The others seemed of the same opinion.

Dick pulled out his whip and lifted it. "Hold" shouted a ministerial-looking individual. "Dare to strike that poor, dumb creature and I call an officer of the law!"

A messenger boy came to Dick's defense, bawling: "What's de matter? T'ink 'e kin put sense in dat hoss wid a fedder duster?"

"Tell you what to do, Mister, try to get yer hoss to pull left. Maybe he'll get over," was the suggestion a bystander offered.

Dick tried; but failed.

"Come on, come on," shouted the motorman, "get a gait on—we ain't—"

Poor Dick was bewildered. Turning to the motorman, he yelled, "Come over here an' I'll bust yer face, you frazzle-faced mutt!"

"Who's a mutt—"

"Come over here an' I'll show ye soon 'nuff," Dick replied, brandishing his business-looking whip.

"Dat's right, stand up fer yer rights," remarked a newsboy, encouraging Dick in the hope that a fight might ensue.

Just then an Italian organ-grinder stopped on the other side of the street and proceeded to yank out, "The Wearin' O' the Green."

Dick, who had intended saying something particularly nasty, changed his mind. The motorman forgot all about the near-fight and whistled excitedly, beating time with his feet. The news and messenger boys clasped hands and tried to waltz a few steps. Even the solemn-faced gent hummed, as he fetched a penny out of his pocket and threw it into the collector's tambourine.

When the organ grinder had gone, the motorman deserted his car to look the situation over. "Say," said he, "that hoss can't pull that load out alone. Say, fellers, give us a hand and we'll get 'er out all right. Hey, you," (to the bible teacher) "get behind here and push! An' you, come on, you too. Altogether now, boys. Over with 'er. Dat's de stuff."

And what pleased Dick most was the fact that he didn't miss the boat.

The Portrait.

SHE was one of the sisters of the streets. She offered herself to the grinners. One day, an artist came by. "Here is the type," he said. "I shall paint her picture." He took her to his studio and worked three days. At last, it was finished.

Paid for her services, she returned to the streets. The artist sold the picture.

A few years passed, and the pallid sister of the streets was cast aside. The grinners would have no more of her. She fell from the sisterhood of the street to the driftwood of the gutter. And, though she was only thirty, she looked fifty.

One day, she happened to pass an art store. In its window she saw a picture, a woman's portrait.

She stopped to gaze at it a moment. It was familiar; it was her own portrait. She caught a glimpse of her real self in the glass and shuddered. What a change!

Two men halted at her side and looked at the picture.

"Say," said one, with a grin, "some skirt there, eh?"

"Just my style," the other laughed; "I wouldn't mind bein' her darling."

They grinned and passed on.

His Secret.

STEVE approached the foreman and huskily said: "I'm through. Gimme me money."

"But," the other feebly protested, "the boat's only half unloaded. What d'ye say to working the other three days?"

"Naw! Three days is nuff fer me. Fork up six plunks—"

There was nothing else to be done, so, with an oath, the foreman paid Steve what was due him, exclaiming:

"There ain't a bone in yer body but what it's lazy through and through. Yuh never was no good, and ye'll never be no good—yuh good-fer-nothin', yuh!"

Steve leered at him, but ventured no reply. Money in his hand, he slouched away.

A dollar went to Mrs. Flanigan for the rent of a dingy, dirty room. The rest bought two pounds of tobacco, three quarts of whiskey and a supply of grub. Loaded with packages, Steve shambled into his gloomy, ill-kept room, lit a candle, placed his purchases on a rickety table and threw his greasy, tattered coat on a small packing box that modestly did the service of a chair.

* * *

STEVE WAS twenty-six. His body was strong, but he had a face that was not very pleasing. It was dirty. Through the dirt one could discern the signs of youth. This was no easy task—but they were there—and you could see them. His eyes were small, black beads hidden in their sockets. The teeth were all there, but they were tobacco stained and black. Only fragments of his disheveled hair could be seen. The bulk of it was covered by a cap. As Steve was lighting his pipe, he noticed an insect creep up his shirt. He made no effort to remove it.

With a yawn, Steve crept into bed, his scrawny shoes still on his feet. But there was no danger of dirtying the bedclothes, because there wasn't any bedclothes. To soil the mattress was impossible. The limit had long been reached.

Steve puffed his pipe in a drowsy manner. The tobacco smoke crept into his eyes and nostrils—soon the pipe was out, his eyes closed, his breathing deepened—and Steve was asleep. He slept for fourteen hours.

Steve awoke because he was hungry. After eating a half loaf of bread, his hunger was appeased. Then followed a long, gurgling draught of whiskey. After he felt it burn its way down into the pit of his stomach, he leaned over his pipe. He was soon smoking again.

Something indescribable happened. Something really perplexing. His mind moved—his brain—what shall I say? Thought? No! Steve's mind could not think. Meditated? Reflected? Pish! He dreamed a day dream? No. Still he gazed at the ceiling in a dazed way, and—well, I simply must leave it to your imagination.

But one thing was certain—Steve was in paradise. And he intended to remain there until all the grub was eaten, all the tobacco smoked and all the whiskey consumed. That was positive. That was his program this time, as it had been scores of times in the past. Then would he stagger out of bed, go to the wharves, help unload a boat for three or four days—and back to bed for another week. That was his program. But—

* * *

A GIRLISH voice rang out.

"Mrs. Flanigan!"

Steve listened.

"Mrs. Flanigan!"

It was the same voice. Some one was in the hallway. Steve did not move.

"Mrs. Flanigan!"

Steve puffed in silence.

"Ain't yuh in the house?" came from the hall.

The knob of Steve's door turned. A second later a girl of about twenty was standing on the threshold.

"In here, Mrs. Flan—"

She stopped short when she saw Steve sprawled out on the bed.

"I—I—"

Steve looked at her. With a slow move, he sat up in bed and ventured:

"Maybe she's gone to the grocery."

The girl, Steve noticed, was sniffing.

"Gee!" she exclaimed, under her breath. "It smells like a pig pen!"

And with that, the door shut with a bang, quick steps pattered down the hall, and all was silent again.

Steve's mouth opened slowly. The pipe fell into his lap.

"The damned little cuss!" he muttered, in amazement.

* * *

"WHO'S THAT KID?" Steve wondered. He vaguely recalled a head of black hair, wistful blue eyes, a roguish, upturned nose and small pouting lips.

"The little cuss had the gall to say that," thought Steve, looking around. "Some people've got poky noses," Steve concluded. "It's a wonder she wouldn't mind'er own business."

And with that he fell into bed, with a loud crash. Steve relighted his pipe. The latent curiosity in him was aroused and de-

terminated him to learn who and what this "damned little cuss" was. So, when Mrs. Flanigan passed his door an hour later, he stopped her with this inquiry:

"Say, Missus, who's that kid that was here this mornin'?"

"Sure, an' she's not like the likes of you," she answered abruptly. "She's a dacent, hard wurkin' girrul what earns 'er livin' in a box fact'y—"

"What's 'er name?"

"Little business is it of your's—"

"Huh."

"Sure, it takes the likes of me to know the likes of you."

And that was an end to it. Steve returned to his bed, his pipe, his whiskey and his grub. But something in him was moving. Something was calling. What was it? Instinct? Maybe. I don't know. But it was something. Something strong, powerful. It made him restless. He felt like moving. Suddenly it dawned upon him.

"Jimminy!" he exploded. "I'm stuck on the little cuss!"

* * *

THE GIRL'S words remained in his mind. It was impossible for him to forget them. "It smells like a pig pen," he repeated, slowly. "What'd she mean?"

Steve peered about. He saw nothing particularly offensive. He sniffed. Nothing obnoxious reached his nostrils.

Hesitantly, he left his room and stepped to a front room which he presumed was occupied by the girl. Warily, Steve opened the door and peeped in.

The room was even smaller than his own, but he noticed everything was in exquisite order. Things were tidy, clean and cheery. Here and there was a magazine picture tacked on the walls. Ribbons and spangles decorated the corners. And above all, a delicious odor pervaded the atmosphere—an odor only woman knows how to create.

Steve lowered his head and thought for a moment or two. He saw something move on his shirt. It was an insect. With a quick move he ended its existence.

Steve's restlessness was becoming more pronounced. This was remarkable, considering that never before had he felt restless in the slightest degree.

And then he did a startling thing—he hurried to the wharf, where he was immediately placed at work. In three days he finished, but not for long. A White Star steamer from Savannah enabled him to put in another week. At the end of that time Steve had just about fifteen dollars.

Late Saturday afternoon he made a shopping trip around town. This time he bought a hat, shoes, shirt and a cheap second-hand suit of clothes.

This was a crisis in Steve's life. He realized he was in love with that pert, quick girl—the girl who had insulted him. He wanted her.

With a mass of packages under his arms Steve started back to his room. As he entered the hall he saw the girl coming down the stairs. She was leaning on the arm of a young, bright-looking lad of about twenty-one. He was a splendid type of working boy, and remarked loud enough for Steve to hear:

"Yep; I'm certainly glad I was let into the union—"

"So'm I, dearie," came from the girl.

Steve felt miserable. He seemed in a stupor as he gazed ahead, packages in hand.

As the girl passed Steve, she whispered to the other:

"There's that pig I was telling you about."

Steve heard that remark. A lump gathered in his throat and a sickly sensation crept into the bottom of his stomach.

He slowly walked up the steps, entered his room and threw the packages into a corner, where they were left unopened. With an oath, he flopped into bed, alongside of which were grub, tobacco and whiskey. As he lit his pipe, Steve saw another bug on his shirt. He made no effort to remove it. Then followed a long, gurgling draught of whiskey. . . . Steve was in his old paradise. And he intended to remain there until all the grub was eaten, all the tobacco smoked, and all the whiskey consumed.

The Eternal Triangle.

BY turning to my violin every Sunday morning, I would forget the fearful toil just finished and the prospect of another week of labor. From my tiny room I sent melodies across the tenement yards to that concealed Somebody who sang back to me in her beautiful, clear, sweet contralto. How inspiring were her appealing lilts!

I usually began with improvisations, allowing my fingers to race up and down the strings. I played thus for probably a minute—and waited. Then would I hear her—usually beginning at low C and going as high as F, with an occasional trill. Thus did we greet each other.

I would scrutinize the giant tenement's rear, wondering if I might catch a glimpse of her, but never succeeded. It appeared to me as though the music came from a room situated on the far right of the over-crowded East Side Brobdinagian cave dwelling. Before long I concluded it was quite desirable I should remain ignorant of the identity of my song bird. The very thought of conducting weekly musical "conversations" appealed to me. Surely she was beautiful to look upon, for how could one with such a lovely voice be other than exquisite?

Before arriving at this determination I had planned to go to the door of that mountainous rookery (which opened on the other block) and wait there until I might see who was my sister in song, but I soon banished the thought—I would not know her even were I to meet her, and above all, I might become thoroughly disillusioned.

I chose to fiddle for her and have her chirp for me, looking upon my neighbor as some veiled spirit from another world. And what joy this weekly experience gave me! While at my trying work I would relish the pleasure of the past Sunday and dream of the delights to come.



AFTER OUR BRIEF introductions, we would begin our repertoire, I, in all probability, leading with a fantastic Hungarian dance—something with fervor and enthusiasm. She would reply with a light, breezy song. I would then turn to Chopin—I always did love Chopin. A song by Schubert would serve as her answer. And so it would go.

As I played my instrument I would picture her in my imagination. I would see her as the personification of my ideals. All the charm, all the beauty, all the finesse that woman is capable of, I felt positive were wrapped in her personality.

For months this continued. Frequently I would add to my repertoire; she would never lag behind, readily singing an appropriate answer.

* * *

ONE SUNDAY MORNING, just as I had finished a Hungarian dance by Brahms, I was amazed to hear a sonorous baritone from the tenement to my right. Though I appreciated the fact that his voice was of rare quality, I was indignant over his impertinence in entering what was to me an *affaire* that would not brook interference. His identity, like the woman's, was unknown to me, but I pictured him as a black-haired, heavy-eye-browed scoundrel, whose only mission in life was to destroy the happiness of lovers.

From then on I often sensed the fact that this baritone was anxious to win my lady from me. I developed a great hatred for him. At first I was merely irritated; soon I loathed him and would have gone to any limits to rid myself of his pestiferous presence. But, alas, my rage was of no avail. He sang; and gradually I noticed that I was not receiving the immediate responses to which I had been accustomed. She preferred to reply to his songs, not even, at times, deigning to recognize my participation in the program. How I was pained!

He would sing the prologue to "Pagliacci" in an effective manner, I had to confess. Especially did I appreciate his sense of the dramatic. Had I not been so infernally jealous I might have enjoyed his art.

I played Massenet's "Elegy"—that masterpiece in tears—imparting as much of its feeling as I was capable of, but her answer was a French comic song! She was laughing at me! The baritone—hateful rival that he was—would interject with a sentimental love ballad, to which she would reply with something equally amorous.

Finally, she ignored my pieces, paying not the slightest attention to my "Anitra's Dance," my "Ases Tod," my preludes or my nocturnes. I could have dashed my violin into a thousand splinters. My rival had won her. Unable longer to tolerate the humiliation, I went to the Bronx in search of a room.

The Prophet

HE came with a message, a beautiful vision. For a few moments, the people listened as he told how the world might take the debris of the centuries and build a beautiful place, how the battlefields of life might be changed to gardens of love, how the thorns of existence might blossom into red roses.

One man said:

"Beautiful sentiments, indeed, but you are a hundred years ahead of your time. The future will glory in your dreams, but the present can have none of them. You were born too soon."

This grieved the young poet. He had hoped his message would be as a spring-blessed oasis to thirsty desert-folk; so, he went away to give himself to the dreary task of changing his message, respinning his dreams, hoping thus to make himself a son of the present. At last he returned to the people and again spoke to them. They listened attentively for a while, but seemed unimpressed.

Some one told him:

"You are a hundred years behind the times."

Tragedy.

WE were talking about tragedies. Ralph Payne, the war correspondent just returned from Europe, had asked what in each person's opinion was his most tragic experience. Payne, before permitting any of us to give our views, began a long description of what he had witnessed in the war-ridden countries, dwelling on the horrors of the battlefield, on the sufferings of the masses, on the great national hatreds, and on the soulless destruction of beautiful cities. This, he told us, was the greatest tragedy his mind could conceive.

But I was not impressed. I told my friends that war, to me, was not tragedy, though sad it was, but the baldest and crudest kind of stupidity. A great blunder (and war is a great blunder) is not tragic, but pathetic, and pitiable.

Death, said one, was a great tragedy, especially when the person who succumbed was still a youth, but this also did not convince me. Death, I commented, was not a tragedy, but an adventure, since no human being has yet learned the great secret of death, solved the riddle of the universe, the end of all things, the mystery of life, of creation, of decay. These things, I said, were sealed books. Death waits for us all, and yet none knows what he holds in store. He beckons us, and yet none knows his secret. It follows then that he who dies takes a gambler's chance—there may be something for him. How can this be called tragic?

I observed (though I was sure no one would agree with me) that tragedy is found in the little and not in the big things of life.



CARLO DE MARIANO, a black-eyed, olive-complexioned youth of twenty-four, a musician of promise, who was already attracting attention, said that he considered he had lived through what might be called a tragedy. We immediately became a collective ear, for it was only on rare occasions that Mariano referred to his past.

"It happened," Mariano began, "when I was about fourteen years old." His beautiful, mellifluous voice thrilled me. "Music meant as much, if not more, to me in those days when it was a precious, almost unobtainable joy. I was a poor lad, whose family was living in abject poverty. Really, gentlemen, I assure you that at times we were in actual want for the things that keep us alive. It meant that I must go to work.

"At twelve, I was already employed in a factory, where I was forced to toil at a machine for ten hours each day. There was I, a sensitive soul, with a growing love for the glories of music, living in a wretched environment and working in a soul-crushing mill. How my vision remained with me is something akin to an enigma. I cannot understand it. Everything seemed to conspire against me; everything seemed destined to wither those ideals that had found a resting place in my heart.

"But something in me kept the candle lighted. It flickered often; it threatened to die, but it continued to shed its light and warmth. When I was in my sordid home, I seemed to forget the filth, and the suffering, and let my spirit wander with the strain of a composition. In the morning, before going to work, I practiced on my violin; on my return I took the precious thing again and toiled into the night. While at work, I could forget the roar of the machines; above the din, I could hear the themes of symphonies.

"THESE WERE MY feelings when I decided I must go to one of the operas I craved what a great orchestra and singers of genius could give me. The Metropolitan company, at that time, came to our city for but one performance each week. While the city was by no means a musical center, still there were many persons who desired to attend the performances; so many, in fact, that the house could not hold the crowds that besieged the box office.

"For one dollar, I learned, a ticket could be bought for a gallery seat. I also learned that it would be necessary to stand in line almost all night so that it could be obtained when the office opened at nine o'clock. There were often as many as fifteen hundred men and women who remained from midnight to the hour the sale of tickets began.

"Undaunted, I took my place in line. I had been saving my pennies for many days; at last, I possessed the dollar, and with it safely tucked away in my pocket I awaited the hour, aglow with the feeling that that piece of paper would bring me beauties better than anything else life could offer.

"Was I tired? Certainly. Had I not worked all day, and was I not weathering the elements in order to get the bit of cardboard, when I should have been asleep? At times, I felt a sense of drowsiness come over me, but the vision of what was in store kept me awake. At last, after many hours, I got my ticket. It then remained for me to rush back to the factory.

"Well do I remember how arduous was that day's toil. There was I, a frail boy, working in almost a dazed manner, when the entire night before had been spent without a wink of sleep. I felt anxious to quit the job and rush home to my cot, but dared not—my people were poor; they needed the few pennies I earned. The chains of poverty kept me before that machine. I could throw off the drowsiness by thinking of the evening of soul-thrills that awaited me.

"At last! It was time to go home. With a rush, I was gone. After a quick supper, I dashed to the theatre, where I could hardly wait for the doors to open. I would hear *Aida*; Caruso would sing the great aria. The supreme joy of life would be mine. At last! I was in my seat—there, up in the top gallery; up, up in the last row.

"I was thrilled by the overture. It gave me something—indescribable, incomprehensible. It satisfied. And as I listened to that wonderful music, heavy weights seemed to drag down my eye-lids. I was tired. I had worked the day before. I was but a boy; I had not the strength to endure. The warmth added to my sleepiness. The music soothed my nerves. It called me to a rest alive with beautiful dreams.



"THE CURTAIN HAD been up only a few minutes when I was asleep. And that aria, that beautiful aria which Caruso sings so feelingly, was lost to me. At times I would awaken with a start when the applause was thunderous, but soon would my head nod its way to slumber. That, gentlemen, impresses me as the most tragic thing in my life.

"It was a little thing; but to me it was great. I had paid such a price for that evening of music—and poverty, a factory, a hovel—sordid and crude—had stolen it from me."

Mariano stopped talking. Looking around, he undoubtedly saw that we were all deeply touched. Even the correspondent confessed that the little tragedy that befell Mariano was as overwhelming as the great war of which he had spoken so fervently.

The Scales of Justice.

THE lad was in a courtroom for the first time. He saw a poor man rushed to the penitentiary and a rich man ushered to freedom. He noticed the figure of justice over the judge's bench.

The lad asked:

"Why does that person always carry a pair of scales?"

"My son," was the answer, "justice uses those scales to weigh the wealth of each person brought before the bar."

What Was Brought From the Mine

IN a death-dealing mine, where labored hundreds of fearless men whose lives were playthings between the teeth of the Dogs of Destruction; where miners wielded heavy picks to wrest the coal from the strong, greedy clutches of nature, and plodded, like ants, in deep shafts; in that mine there were two men better known than the rest because of their bulkier mountains of muscles, huger arms and mightier power.

Had you chanced to stand nearby and had you peered through the dimness, you would have seen Jim Barnes, the older of the two; somewhere in his thirties, he presented a picture of a clothed prototype of the pre-historic period before man had discovered himself.

His muscles were as hard as the handle of his pick, and you would have noticed that his face was as stolid and characterless as the chunks of ore that fell at his feet.

Near him worked Scott Malone, who was about to pass into his thirties. Like Barnes, he worked sullenly, saying nothing except frequently giving vent to his feelings in muttered profanity. There was a lump on his right cheek, caused by a large quid of tobacco. He had a mustache which was brown-colored when rid of its dirt, but which was black with the heavy dust of the mine, dust that crusted and caked about his lips after having been made into mud through contact with tobacco juice and sweat. His cheek bones were high, almost hiding his eyes, and his jaws were powerful, grim and tight.

The work did not seem to affect their bodies. They bore up astoundingly under the long strain. In this they were unlike the others who groaned beneath the severe weight. But they were not without their marks and scars.

These two giants, similar in many things, were as the king of the jungle—Jim Barnes a lion, feared by all, ready to strike down the weakest that came into his path, and unconscious of right or wrong he lived as his instincts would have him; Scott Malone, also harsh and merciless, but the hardness of the lioness who felt instincts of tenderness and love for her own, ready to die that her offspring might be safe. There was the difference between the pair.

Each knew no fear of the other; Jim took Scott as a matter of course, while Scott, though friendly, had an undying hatred for Jim.

* * *

AT THE END of the day Scott and Jim emerged from the main shaft in time to get a final look at the few remaining rays of light from the sun which had already disappeared from sight. But their interest was in another direction—the tumble down hut at the end of the town—the shack which served as their home.

Before entering the three-roomed shanty, the men, hungry as bears, walked around to the rear where they found a pan of water on a wooden bench. As soon as Jim's hands touched the water it turned black; before both were finished, it was inky. Fiercely applying a cloth towel, they rubbed off what dirt the water let remain.

"Come awn in if it's a hot supper yuh want," came from within. "Wait a minute," Jim Barnes blurted back. "What in hell's yer hurry?"

There was no reply from Jim's woman, for she knew that even though he had asked a question, he didn't want an answer.

Entering, a scowl on his face, Jim Barnes asked:

"Yuh ain't trying to sass me, are yuh?"

"I'm only a-tryin' ter feed yuh," came from Jim's wife.

The sight of the food cut Barnes short, leaving unuttered an oath that was on the tip of his tongue.

She sat to one side, furtively watching her husband and her boarder as they gulped down half-chewed mouthfuls of meat, bread and potatoes. By this time Jim hardly knew of his wife's presence, but Scott gave her a slow glance, which, after all, was quite meaningless.

After the meal was finished, Jim Barnes and Scott lighted their black, foul-odored pipes and smoked. The process of digestion and the tobacco smoke placed irresistible weights of drowsiness over Jim's eyes, forcing them to close; half asleep, he threw off his shoes and undressed and when he fell into bed the whole hut shook.

Scott continued puffing at his pipe, sending clouds of smoke to the low ceiling. Jim's wife, after looking into the side room where lay her sleeping husband, said:

"Thank Gawd, he's asleep; a-body'll have some peace o' mind now."

Scott nodded his head.

"If 'e didn't work so long an' so hard it'd be hell fer me. I'm glad 'e works all the livelong day so's I'm let alone, an' I thank Gawd he's off to bed as soon as 'e's eaten his supper. I often wished the Lord'd make him work on Sunday."

Scott chuckled.

"Just like a woman," he said. "Yuh don't mean a word yer a-sayin'."

"Don't I?" Jim's wife inquired; "don't I? May the Lord strike me dead if I don't."

Scott watched her as she cleaned the table and set things in order, noticing that she was paler than usual and that she walked with a limp, which he concluded was caused by a kick from Jim some days before.

"Tain't no cinch," Scott said, in sympathy, as he again saw how she was aging; though but 30, she was streaked with gray, lines of toil were deeply set in her thin, long face and marks of drudgery and want could be seen.

Jim's wife straightened as well as she could and answered: "Oh, I ain't kickin'; all I'm askin' is that he let me alone."

"You've changed a whole lot since marryin' Jim—"

"Yuh talk as though we got married last month," Jim's wife interrupted. "Yuh well know it's been ten years—yuh was there when it come off."

"Yes," came from Scott. "But yuh know yuh was only a snip of a girl when yuh took 'im—and"—here Scott's memory recalled the past—"it was a mighty pretty girl yuh was."

Angry, Jim's wife snapped:

"It'd been the same thing if I'd a-married you, an' yuh know it."

This was the first time in years that she had mentioned the fact of his having offered himself to her, and the words and emphasis cut him.

"It'd been nothin' of the sort," said Scott.

"It would and yuh know it. You're all alike, you men; you're six of one and a half dozen of the other; it's just a toss-up which a girl takes, an' it don't make no difference in the end. Yuh know I'm right, ain't I?"

"That a lie!—"

Jim's wife pointed her finger at Scott and exclaimed: "There! Yuh call me a liar. If I was your woman instead of Jim's you wouldn't 'ave hollered that—"

"What else would I 'ave done?"

"Yuh would have bified me in the jaw—"

"I wouldn't. I say I wouldn't. I never beat a woman in my life—"

"Yuh never had a woman."

"Aw, let's quit this damn arguin'."

And with that the conversation stopped. Scott smoked in silence; Jim's wife dried the dishes.

Ten years before, Scott, a youngster of 19, had tried to get this woman; she, having her choice, took Jim, then about 24 and an earner of better wages. When Jim took the woman, Scott stepped aside, but with a curse on his lips. He feared Jim, who, at that time, was the stronger of the pair. But he hated him, and, had he dared, there would have been a battle.

Jim always looked on his wife as a possession, and as the years came to pass he came to feel all the surer of his ownership. A few years back, Scott was taken in as a boarder, Jim giving no thought to the fact that Scott had once hoped to marry his woman. Scott never tried to talk about it. Though he felt much and thought a great deal, still he said nothing.

And, as he watched her finishing her work, Scott felt convinced that were the way clear, were Jim out of the way, he would offer himself in his place. But he never tried to take Jim's woman so long as she belonged to another, for he, too, looked on her as something owned.

His anger gone, Scott said:

"Yuh know, I ain't never done nothin' to you that I'd feel shame over, have I?" Not waiting for an answer, he added: "It's nothin' against you that I've got an' so long as you was another man's woman you wasn't mine, an' I let it go at that. Yuh done what yuh thought was best an' that settles it; but it's him I ain't got no use fer," a jerk of his head indicated that he was speaking of the sleeping man in the next room: "he never was decent to yuh an' he shoved me aside when I almost had yuh."

"Why did you let him?" Jim's wife asked, hardly able to suppress a rasping laugh.

"What could I a-done? There I was a kid up against a man—he could've taken me in his left hand an' broken me in two—but," and here Scott's eyes flashed fire, "he couldn't do it now. I bet yuh if we went to it I'd give him more than I'd have to take!"

"I ain't so sure about that," Jim's wife answered, smiling wanly; "I don't know but that he'd be able to give yuh all yuh was lookin' fer—Jim ain't no easy one."

"It ain't a fight I'm lookin' for," Scott corrected; "you're his an' that's the end. But if I only had a chance I'd show yuh what I'm made of an' what kind of a man I'd be to yuh."

"Yer wise in keepin' yer distance from Jim. He ain't the kind to be monkeyed with," she warned Scott.

"I wouldn't run from him if it ever come to anything. But what's the good of all this talk, anyway? You've been his for ten years, an' you ain't played him dirt an' so far as I go you won't have to play him dirt."

Scott's voice lowered when he added:

"But tell me one thing; would yuh've taken me if he hadn't a-butted in?"

Jim's wife thought a moment and slowly answered:

"I guess I'd a-done it all right, but it'd been the same either way."

"An'," Scott continued, "if you was to be a-standin' here alone an' I was to come to yuh an' ask yuh to be my woman, would yuh turn me down again?"

"I ain't alone," Jim's wife answered; "I got a husband."

"But if yuh was alone—I said if—"

"Ifs don't mean nothin'."

"Neither will yer answer mean anything; I'm only askin' yuh a question."

"Well, if I was by myself an' if I wasn't Jim's woman I'd think twice before I turned yuh down."

"Then yuh don't think bad o' me?"

Jim's wife shook her head.

"I never done that."

"Y-yuh don't—a-yuh don't think yuh like me a little even now, d'ye?"

"I'm Jim's woman," was her answer.

She was tired, and in no humor to continue what was to her a meaningless, impossible conversation; walking into the room in which her husband was sleeping, she left Scott alone, alone with his pipe and his thoughts.

Jim's wife was a woman who expected nothing from men, except pain, and sorrow, and harshness; and all these she accepted as her lot, as a part of woman's inheritance from man. They were all alike—these men—and she took them without bitterness, just as the female of the primal forests, "ere the soul came shining into prehistoric night," and "ere he knew he felt, and knew he knew," was lifted by an arm stronger than her whole being and forced to do. And from the days of the forest to the days of today she has borne her load, no hatred or bitterness in her heart; with bowed head and sighing breast she has trudged through the centuries—"the ages of her sorrow have but taught her to forgive," Her world was a hut, and she asked for no more.

Scott, on his cot in the next room, thought of the woman who had almost been his and who, while still with another, now intimated her willingness to be his, were she alone. Wasn't she really alone? Could it be possible that this burly man, Jim, was in truth her husband? Scott told himself this poor woman was not a wife—she was alone. His old hatred for Jim was set afire again, rekindled, the white flame of passion shooting high; Jim had taken the woman who was almost his and Jim was holding the woman who would be his, were she alone. Until that night they had been two equal forces—men of equal strength; and when two equal powers meet there is no result, but now he felt far stronger, mightier than Jim—his woman had given him hope, had uttered words that meant the possibility of change.

But Scott knew not what to do. Were he a lion of the jungle he would have crept upon his enemy and let teeth settle the difference;

were he a man of savage days he would have used a club to decide. Scott was bewildered; his mind could see no road to his own; the woman was here, in the next room, and still, he could not take her. She belonged to another and he had to bow his acquiescence.

* * *

BEFORE DAWN the two men were up, ready for their day's work in the mine. Jim's wife had the coffee boiling, set a few slices of bread before them and wrapped two lunches in an old newspaper while they were eating. They left the shack in time to see the first rays of the rising sun pierce the darkness, but their interest was in another direction—the mine.

Sleepy-eyed and yawning, Jim's wife paid little attention to the two men, and when the door closed with a bang, she felt relieved. Then commenced a day's work that included a hundred tasks, drudgery that wore her to the bone.

Her day went as it had always gone; her tasks were as mean and sordid as ever. She gave little thought to Jim down in the mine, nor to Scott. She used to think of the danger they met every minute of the day, how their lives might be snuffed out, but that no longer worried her. She seemed willing to let things take their course and always accept the inevitable.

It was afternoon when she heard something that almost paralyzed her with dread—it was a dull, deep roar. The hut rocked. A dozen dishes slipped off the kitchen table and were shattered in a hundred pieces. With a quick gasp, she ran into the open air. Hundreds of other women in the hundreds of shanties heard the same roar and felt the same tremor. Hundreds of wives started with terror and fright, as did Jim's wife. Hundreds of women ran out of their huts, just like Jim's wife. And hundreds of women set up a wailing and howling when the truth dawned upon them, just as Jim's wife shrieked and cried. It was the mine! It had blown up! Death again came to the door of industry and collected his grim toll.

Hundreds of women ran towards the main shaft. Jim's wife was among them. She tore her hair and bit her fingers until the blood came. Other women tore their hair. They stopped at the mouth of the mine, terror-stricken and frenzied; they were driven back by dense volumes of smoke that issued from the mine.

Miners' wives do not hope for the best when they hear the earth rumble; they prepare for the worst. The hundreds of women, sobbing, moaning women, felt that Death had done his work.

A rescue crew appeared suddenly and prepared for work. They bravely entered the mine, heads covered with helmets. They were gone ten minutes before Jim's wife regained her senses. Slowly it became apparent to her that she was a widow, her Jim was dead.

She forgot the years of pain and anguish, all her hardships, all the cruelties she had been forced to endure. She only knew that her Jim had been killed, that she was without a provider. She was alone!

Scott's face flashed into her mind—he, too, was dead! Both gone, forever gone—her husband, Jim and the man who wanted to be her husband, who even said so the night before, who even offered to take her, were Jim out of the way. And now, they were dead—both of them.

The minutes passed slowly. She awaited the appearance of rescuers bearing the bodies of Jim and Scott. She could see their remains, mangled and torn.

Suddenly she saw the form of a veritable giant staggering through the smoke, bent upon reaching the open. She saw that he was mov-

ing slowly. A second later she learned the reason—he was dragging the limp body of another.

She ran closer to the mouth of the mine, and, to her astonishment, it seemed to her that the person was her husband. For a moment she did not know whether to be happy or sorry. The other man—she told herself—must still be down there—in the mine—dead, maybe. But when the man emerged from the smoke she saw that he was Scott; and looking down, she realized that Jim was the unconscious man.

Bleeding and dazed, Scott mumbled incoherently:

“It’s hell—hell—down there—it’s hell—they’re all gone—they’re all gone—”

Seeing Jim’s wife, he leaned toward her and panted: “I wanted to leave him down there! Christ, I couldn’t do it!”

The Journey.

HE commenced a long, hard journey. The youth strived to reach a glorious goal. He decided to go forward—to attain something beyond the reach of his brothers. They told him not to go. They said he was a fool on a fool’s journey. They also said he would never reach the goal. But, he refused to be discouraged.

The road was steep. Footsore, he trudged his way.

“I must go on!” he exclaimed, when his heart became heavy and doubts troubled him.

“I must go on!”

But, there came the day when he could drag himself no farther. He came to feel the hopelessness of it all.

“I must go back,” he told himself.

So, he turned.

He saw that his starting place was far, far back.

“To go back is too long a journey,” he said.

Something told him it would be still harder to return. For the first time, he saw that he had traveled a long distance. It gladdened his heart; so, he fixed his eyes on the goal—and went forward again. His feet lost their soreness, his heart became lighter and he laughed.

“It was hard to go forward, but now it is easier to do that than to go back,” said he.

The Conqueror Speaks.

I AM King of Time, Master of Death, Father of Life! With a scythe in my hands, I walk in a world as limitless as space. I watched the soldiers of Rome go forth to conquer all that lives. I saw the soldiers of Rome fall by the roadside. They are no more. I saw the Greeks build a temple under the soft, blue sky. I saw the glorious columns reach up for immortality—and I gave it to them. For I give eternal life only to the beautiful. The conquerors have withered into nothingness. The masters of men have gone to dust. The great have fallen before me. For I give immortality only to things of beauty. Oh, Children of Time, if you would live forever, build a temple or sing a song!

The Strange Mr. X.

I DON'T remember just how I first came to know him. I think however, that he dropped into my apartment one Sunday afternoon while I was entertaining a group of friends. Who brought him, I cannot say. I think he came alone.. Instead of introducing himself to us, this stranger succeeded in getting all of us to tell him our names. One asked for his, but he politely evaded.

He had a soft voice that always struck a responsive chord in me; is was slow, clear—well, I may as well quote Frank and say that it impressed one as being “Christlike,” a voice that made you feel as though you were right close to the man. There was a suggestion of pathos in it.

When he stood with his back to the window, the sunlight playing on his huge crop of brown hair, he gave one the notion that he was wearing a halo. The mysterious Mr. X.—so we soon named him—had a brown beard that took on a golden hue when he stood in the light. He wore one of those soft hats that may be crumpled into a ball. Most of the time he kept it in the pocket of his loose, black coat.

The strange Mr. X. soon convinced us (without effort on his part) that he had a keen sense of appreciation and that his taste in art was faultless. He had a beautiful philosophy that pervaded his opinions, thoughts, and actions. His code of ethics seemed to out-Christian Christianity. He made me think of Manson in Charles Rann Kennedy's “The Servant in the House”, there was a sense of spiritual calm about his personality; a majestic serenity.

* * *

I GREW to like him immensely. After an hour with him one felt as though he had taken a soul-bath. I remember how Frank—who worked with me on the *New York Star*—once swatted a fly while in the presence of my friend. Mr. X. actually winced, so intensely did he feel the suffering of that creature. “Life is precious,” he almost sighed.

Once, while we were walking, a pick-pocket attempted to rob my friend; but, caught in the act, the booty-seeker loosened his grip on the bills, letting them fall to the ground. Instead of calling a policeman, my friend leaned over, picked up the money and handed it to the thief.

“You must need it or you wouldn't try to steal it,” he said.

I learned—purely through accident—that Mr. X. had been married. Without going into detail, he told me how his wife—a beautiful woman—had decided that her affection should go to another. Despite his great love for her, he calmly stepped aside, giving his full permission to what many may have considered an escapade.

“She felt that I wasn't good enough for her,” was his amazing statement, amazing because he was looked upon as the soul of goodness.

While we were walking again some days later, we were approached by a beggar who implored help. What did my friend do but empty a handful of coins from one of his pockets.

* * *

THE CITY editor had given me an assignment that I did not relish. I left the office and hurried to the Grand Central Station, where I took a train for Ossining, where Sing Sing is located.

On the train I met my friend. He seemed very sad and downcast. Learning that he was going to Sing Sing, I felt as though

here was a Christ entering the temple to drive forth the money-changers. We were both going to an execution. The State was going to take a human life. "Life is precious"—those were the words I recalled as I looked at my friend. He had said this when a fly had been crushed. How intense his feelings must be when it is a human being who is to be placed in an electric chair by grim men determined to burn the life out of him.

* * *

WE LEFT the station, my friend allowing me to lead the way. It was while we were walking along the road that I noticed him draw back suddenly. I soon learned the reason: he had almost stepped upon an ant. In this he reminded me of the *Good Man* in Victor Hugo's story. Mr. X., like the character in the novel, almost sprained his ankle rather than destroy precious life!

I soon began to wonder why he was going to Sing Sing. Was it to voice a great protest against the taking of human life? Was it to call attention to an evil? Was it to point the way to love and brotherhood?

These questions I asked myself as we walked that road. Imagine my indescribable astonishment when I later realized that my friend, the mysterious Mr. X., was the State Executioner.

Mr. Blackstone's Peace Editorial.

FREDERICK DILLON BLACKSTONE, editor of *Everyperson's Magazine*, was an important man. You could tell he was important by merely looking at him. Importance oozed from every pore. He could strut sitting down. He felt as though all humanity looked to him for guidance and inspiration.

Mr. Blackstone took himself very seriously. His opinions were always uttered in a tone that implied finality. He gave the impression that he was a man abreast of the times—yes, even radical. For instance, he believed that horses should not be beaten. Children should be given an education, he often argued. "Doctors should not charge high fees when they treat poor people," was the subject of one of his stirring editorials. In an after-dinner speech before the Bar Association, he declared that a judge should be careful not to send men to jail until he is convinced of their guilt. Before the Women's Club he announced pompously that the race depends on the mothers. "Without mothers the human race would soon die," was one of his startling epigrams. Like the British politician, this important person had genius for convincing himself of anything he cared to believe.

* * *

MR. BLACKSTONE concluded that the world was waiting for him to say something on the war. An editorial—ah, a good one, a strong one—should be written, he argued inwardly. His monthly magazine reached many homes—peaceful homes—so it followed that what he might have to say on the great war would carry weight.

So thought the important Mr. Frederick Dillon Blackstone, editor of *Everyperson's Magazine*.

Only after days of meditation did Mr. Blackstone feel that the time had come for him to write his great editorial. After ponderous consideration (everything Mr. Blackstone did was performed ponderously), he decided to head his great editorial as follows:

Peace at Any Price!

The printers were instructed to use big type and not forget the exclamation mark.

* * *

HIS EDITORIAL was long—fearfully long. He contended that the war should come to an end—at once! "This bloodshed must cease!" thundered the important editor of *Everyperson's Magazine*. He actually trembled from his own eloquence.

"This war is un-Christian," he bellowed.

"Isn't peace wonderful!" he enthused.

"Think of it!" Mr. Blackstone wrote; "50,000 men are killed every day. If this war continues only 30 days more, it will mean a loss of 1,500,000 men—the flower of our manhood. This is the price in life alone. Think of the property destroyed, the money spent, the cities burned, the land laid waste! *This war must stop!*"

It took him three days to finish it—and then he looked upon the child of his brain and told himself it was good.

* * *

TWO WEEKS BEFORE the magazine went to press, Mr. Blackstone heard the startling news that there were prospects of an early peace. This was distressing. His editorial—that wonderful piece of literature—would be ruined by an early peace.

He hoped and prayed that the rumor was unfounded, that the war might continue until at least two weeks after his magazine should have rolled from the presses. Of course, that meant 30 days more of war—and, at his own figures, a loss of 1,500,000 men. Better this than to have written his wonderful editorial in vain. It was so irritating to have peace come at such a moment.

A day before press time, the awful news reached him. The war was ended. The slaughtering was over. No more anguished mothers. No more burned cities.

There was nothing for Mr. Frederick Dillon Blackstone to do except order the foreman of the press-room to lift the tremendous editorial out of the forms. His masterpiece was lost to the world.

As he sent the command to the pressman, the author of "Peace at Any Price!" groaned:

"If only the war had lasted 30 days more!"

Wanted--A Short Story

"I'D like to write a story," said Albert F. Scott, glancing up from a letter which had just been delivered. "A nice story?" his wife asked, smiling at him.

"No: any kind of a story," Albert answered, gravely. "He tells me I may say anything I care to say. That's tempting, I must confess. It's not every mail that brings me an offer like this."

In mock seriousness, she said:

"While the editorial sun shines on you, it is wise to make hay and keep the pot a-boiling."

"Yes, my dear. I would like to let this dear editor have something, but the trouble with me is that I'm as dry as the Sahara Desert. I really can't write a story; I haven't an idea."

"Oh, come," she laughed; "it's not as serious as that, for this story writing is a simple matter. Let us see if we can't get something that will make a story. A letter like this isn't to be sneezed at."

"Good," exclaimed Albert, seating himself at the table and placing paper before him; "help me get a story, and if it goes, I'll divide the spoils."

"Very well; now, then, what shall it be?"

"What shall it?" Albert repeated.

"Oh, I see; I'm to do it all," with a bow; "very well, I'm willing to try."

* * *

FOR A FULL minute she remained in deep thought; then, her face lighting up suddenly, she said, quickly:

"Once upon a time there was a foolish little man, who had a foolish vocation. This foolish little man wrote foolish little stories to help support his foolish little self and his foolish whims."

"I don't know what you are driving at," Albert drawled, "but, I must confess that's a pretty good lead. I may use it."

"And," she continued, "this foolish little story writer had a fairly good memory, a quick eye and a well oiled typewriter, and managed in quite a passable manner, to express other people's originalities—not a bad word—originalities—you might use it. So, this foolish little story writer succeeded in selling lots of foolish stories to editors whose business it was to print foolishness in magazines that were read by thousands of foolish women."

"One foolish woman wrote a letter to this uninteresting story writer, and, to her surprise, she received an answer. It was a short, sweet note, offering thanks for her praise of a story that really didn't deserve it. And, as she was a silly woman, she wrote again."

With an impatient wave, Albert said:

"Oh, I anticipate; you are going to make it very commonplace. She, a foolish woman, writes again; they meet, and there is a mushy scene; they talk about going through life together—he working for fame and glory, she helping him by doing his typewriting and rolling his cigarettes; they marry; are soon divorced, and live happily ever after."

"Nothing of the sort," she snapped; "how could you think me guilty of such a crime?"

"Then he is married; meets her, hoping to get a story; she falls in love with him. Then comes the startling climax—ye gods—I am discovered! She knows I have a wife, and am father of a chee-ild! She screams; 'In spite of all your writings and fame you are a scoundrel and a deceiver, Mr. Fountleroy, and I hate you, I hate you! Go back to your wife and writings and write of the heart you have broken.'"

"Oh, Albert, how you slander me," said his wife. "He wasn't married at all—quite single; but she—she was married—so she couldn't have been deceived; she was the one who began the thing in the first place."

"Well, what happened?" Albert asked quickly.

"Of course, they met—"

"To be sure, they met—there couldn't be a story if they didn't meet. But what happened? That's what I want to know."

"They met, and the foolish little story writer smoked a cigarette in a perfectly insipid manner. She stared at him—well, she was a foolish woman. It was inevitable that those two fools should fall in love—the wonder would be if they didn't. Well, he told her he loved her, and she let him kiss her; and as they sipped wine in a cafe, they looked into each other's eyes and seemed to say; 'Ah, we belong to each other; let us rid ourselves of this pest of a husband.'"

"Things moved rapidly—they always do when two fools get together. They met a few times, and talked a few hours, and soon convinced themselves that God had made them for each other. As for her husband—bah! They would leave—go to Paris—yes, yes, gay Paris—ah, this foolish little story writer would write love stories of Parisian studio life; he would surely sell much to the foolish editors—yes, it was all very simple.

"So the day was set for the following Saturday; this foolish writer of silly stories and this simple-minded woman were to go off—to Paris.

"But news—that is, gossip—travels fast—it got to her husband—gossip always does. The world is full of anonymous letter writers, who believe it their sacred duty to keep husbands informed. He got a letter. But he wasn't a foolish husband; there are some sensible men in this world. If he had been a foolish husband he would have run for his revolver, and then, another newspaper story. But he wasn't of the shooting kind. I said he was a sensible husband.

"So he found the foolish young writer of foolish stories in his apartment—the foolish writer even had all his trunks packed; he was ready to go. That was quite a predicament for the husband of the foolish little woman; but he smiled—he had a sense of humor—like all sensible husbands. So he shook hands with the foolish literary fellow and wished him a pleasant trip.

"He told the writer of silly stories that he had long been hoping to get rid of his wife. 'I've been wanting an excuse for a divorce action, but I've never had luck enough to have her do something—I always was unlucky.'

"This was strange, and it upset the foolish young writer. But the husband of the foolish little woman wasn't finished. He had more to say. 'I only want you to grant me a favor,' the husband said: 'will you be kind enough to allow me the use of your name as correspondent? I wouldn't care to do it unless I got your permission.'

"And to this he added:

"I wish you all the luck in the world, my dear sir; but no man can say I ever played him a mean trick, so, to clear my conscience, I have decided to come to you and honestly warn you of your danger. I am not going to be specific; I simply wish to tell you that I have not tried to deceive you into running off with my wife; I want you to know that I have warned you.'

"And, in addition, this husband remarked that he wished the pair would have a pleasant journey; he hoped they wouldn't get seasick, and that if it wasn't asking too much, would they kindly send him a few picture postal cards when they got on the other side?

"'I've been saving European postals for years,' he remarked; 'they are so much better than ours.'

"'And,' this husband said, 'you will understand that from this day I look upon you as my best friend; you are going to do me a great service. It shows that some persons are willing to do their fellow man a favor once in a while.'

"That husband shook hands with that silly writer of foolish stories and left him. The foolish story writer smoked another cigarette, bit his lips until they bled and then wrote a note to the foolish little woman, telling her that he regretted he couldn't make the trip."

HER STORY AT an end, she asked:

"Don't you think that ought to make good fiction?"

Albert shook his head and said:

"No, you are too late; that story has already been written."

"By whom?"

"By that foolish writer of foolish stories."

Nine O'Clock.

FIRST, I'll tell you the puzzling thing that happened. Then I'll tell you who did it. And last, I'll try to give you the cause for his action. It was puzzling, to say the least.

"What could it mean?" Deputy Sheriff Anderson inquired.

"What's the reason for it all?" the turnkey asked.

"Yes," said Superintendent Morton, "why should it be done?"

For three weeks the house of correction had been the scene of what appeared, for a time, to be an inexplicable mystery.

Someone was stopping the clock and setting the hands at nine o'clock. This did not happen once, but a dozen times a day.

No one seemed able to explain why a man should have a mania for stopping the clock and setting the hands at nine.

At last, unable longer to tolerate this enigma, Superintendent Morton ordered a man to keep watch from a secret place to learn, if possible, who was playing this odd prank.

On Monday, Henrich Aarons, 40 years old, tiptoed to the clock—and stopped it. Then, with quick, nervous moves, he turned away. The man was discovered.

He was taken to the county hospital where he was confined in the observation ward. In a few hours the physicians in charge were convinced that Aarons, though utterly harmless, was insane.

This morning, Aarons was taken to the State Insane asylum.

Now comes an exceedingly difficult question. Why did Aarons have a mania for stopping clocks? True, he was crazy, but there must have been a reason for this particular act of eccentricity.

I investigated and learned one version.

Aarons at one time was a professional gambler. He had a lovely wife who was about twelve years his junior. She despised her husband's means of earning his livelihood. But Aarons loved gambling—and he was passionately fond of his beautiful wife.

One day she placed her position before him in blunt English.

"You must choose between us. Either you shall have me alone, or you shall have gambling—not both.

Aarons was in a quandary. He did not think his wife meant to do anything extreme.

Once she turned to him and said:

"I'm going out for a walk."

"When will you return?" Aarons asked.

"Oh," she said, indifferently; "at nine o'clock."

And without further ado, she departed—never to return.

After she had been gone an hour, Aarons felt there had been an ominous tone in his wife's voice when she said "goodbye."

He pulled out his watch and waited and waited for nine o'clock. He waited, and waited, and waited. Gradually, slowly, the hands crawled to the stated time. But still his wife did not return. Slowly the hands passed nine o'clock.

A great fear came upon him. He did not want to see the hands pass the nine o'clock mark. So, in desperation, he turned back the hands of time. Whenever those hands went a few minutes beyond nine, Aarons turned them back again.

From then on, Aarons could not look at a watch or a clock without feeling an irresistible desire to turn back the hands to nine o'clock.

He forgot everything. What little money he had soon disappeared. He became poverty-stricken. Some weeks ago he was arrested for vagrancy and sentenced to ninety days in the house of correction.

And while serving his time he still continued turning back the hands. This is the version. I don't know how true it is, but it sounds logical.

Venus and Mars.

VENUS, lonesome for the moment, turned to Mars for conversation.

"How wonderful it is!" she exclaimed; "what greater joy than to be part of the vast universe—a thing without end and beginning."

"You always were emotional," said Mars; "but, nevertheless, it is wonderful to fly through space, dancing the dance of the planets."

"Yes, and do you notice that we have new friends join us from time to time?"

"To be sure, but it is hard to keep track—they come so frequently. By the way did you notice that last one down there?"

Why, no; where?"

"Off to the right of Old Sol; it has been christened 'World'—rather a funny name, isn't it?"

"Well, well," said Venus, "and how long has it been with us?"

"Oh, it's still an infant; only about five or six millions years old."

"And to think, I never saw the tiny thing before."

"There are funny little ants on that little ball and they think the funniest thoughts you ever imagined."

"What?" Venus asked.

"For instance, they think we were made for them; they have an idea they are the center of the universe."

Venus laughed.

"How funny!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," said Mars; "if ever time hangs heavy and you desire a little amusement, watch that little ball."

The Prisoner.

I MET my striped friend in the penitentiary, where I was getting my first glimpse at the soldiers of misfortune. As we talked there appeared a tall, harsh-looking man, with heavy tread.

"A bad case," said my friend. "He's not a man; he's our prisoner. He must wait on us. He must feed us and see that we are properly clothed. He is held responsible for us. He must even kill us, when told to. Yet, he thinks he is a free man. I tell you, Warden Smith is the most pathetic case in this pen."

Hero or Fool--Which?

A FIRING squad led Johann Schmidt to a wall and shot him. Some minutes later his body was thrown into a hastily dug trench. The officer in charge then turned his attention to the report that must be sent to his superiors.

In concise language, he gave the facts, telling how Johann Schmidt had attempted to desert his regiment while it was taking an important town in Belgium. The enemy had been driven before the German steam-roller and it was while the men from beyond the Rhine were taking possession that Schmidt had slunk away to a strip of woodland nearby. Caught, he had admitted his guilt, and, added the officer, there remained nothing to be done except to order out a firing squad.

* * *

THESE WERE THE crude facts. The officers' report was true, but it did not tell all. And yet it must be admitted that even if the incident had been described in its entirety it would have had no effect on the outcome.

In addition, sentimentality doesn't look good in an officer's report. Militarists always talk of blood and iron—never of trifling things like love, comradeship—or dolls. War is war; war is serious business; it can't tolerate foolishness. Nonsense is punishable by death.

Schmidt told me his story some hours before they shot him. He related his narrative in a calm, unaffected voice—as though he were speaking of an imagined character rather than of himself.

* * *

HERE IS HIS story: "When the order for mobilization first came I was at work in my carpenter shop where I had served the towners since I was old enough to leave the village school. Outside of the time I had spent in the army, I had known no other place than that beautiful little town of simple folk.

"The army, in peace times, did not strike me as being anything particularly bad. It meant work, drudgery, discipline, physical training, drill and the like. No matter how distasteful some features may have been, still they were endurable.

"But when I was called to the colors, all things changed. A gun was placed in my hands and I was ordered to kill every human being who was labelled 'the enemy.' I did not select my 'enemy'; someone else did that for me. It remained for me to shoot all men who wore uniforms unlike mine; to kill all non-combatants who behaved in a manner that indicated they resented the presence of invaders; to burn farm houses and towns when directed to do so.

* * *

"AT FIRST, WHEN the gun was handed to me, I felt the blood-lust. I suppose that when the weapon is first put into our possession there's something in us—way down deep—that makes us feel like killing anything that lives. From a peaceful workingman I had been transformed suddenly into a beast. I wanted to kill, be it only a dog. I'm sure you understand what I mean.

"Well, I rushed forward with the rest of them, tearing gashes into the ranks of the enemy. We seemed invulnerable. Nothing seemed able to withstand our assaults. Our onrushes could not be halted. We took town after town.

* * *

"FOR SEVEN HOURS our artillery had bombarded this town. Heavy shells had shattered its buildings, killing hundreds of oc-

cupants. It took hours before the cannon defending the town were silenced. At last we were ready to storm the place.

"We sang and yelled as we rushed forward. Thousands of us—wild, blood-thirsty animals who had but recently been peaceful citizens—were trying to outdo one another in the work of destruction.

"It was while we were dashing down one of the streets that I came upon *this*"—and here he drew something from the inside of his coat. Pointing to it, he added: "The sight of thousands of dead, the scenes of ruin, the suffering and the dying had not touched me as did *this*."

Again he pointed to it. *The object in his hands was nothing more than a rag doll.*

* * *

"I WAS ABOUT to step on it when I first saw it," he continued, calmly, "but something held me back. It looked so sad as it lay there, sprawled out on the ground like a dead child. I leaned over and picked it up. I felt like a sentimental fool, but I simply had to obey that *something* in me that told me all the tragedy of life, all the suffering of the innocents were symbolized in this bit of rags, and that it was for me to save it from the feet of the hurrying soldiers. I looked at it for a moment and slipped it under my coat.

"I decided I must return to the tasks of war. There was killing to be done—our commanders had ordered it and there was nothing for us to do but obey. I had gone but a few yards when I stumbled over the body of a child—the little innocent that had owned that doll. One of our bullets—mine, maybe—had snuffed out its life. Isn't it funny how a man, a soldier, will become mushy at times?

"I tried to convince myself that this was but a trifling incident in war—and war is a serious business; it isn't a thing for weaklings. But that little rag doll nestled against my heart and seemed to say:

"*'You killed that little mother of mine—you!'*"

"Now, it was very foolish of me to think like that, but what was I to do? I had myself convinced in no time that I was a murderer. I felt as though I had killed my own little girl—a child of five whom I had left at home. I hate to talk like this—it sounds so mushy, doesn't it? Soldiers should talk about attacks and counter-attacks—not about babies and rag dolls. Maybe the excitement upset my nerves so that I allowed the little rag doll to convince me I should take it home—to my baby—so that doll might have a new mother. I know it's all nonsense; I know it, but I suppose I wasn't in my right mind.

* * *

"WITHOUT STOPPING to consider the consequences, without bothering to reason over the fact that I didn't stand a ghost of a chance, I started back, headed for the woods to the east. Of course, I was caught and here I am—a man, a soldier—and I am going to die over a little rag doll. I'm a sentimental fool.

"I'm going to ask only one favor—and a little one at that. I'll ask them to send this doll home to my child. I think they'll do it—and curse me at the same time for being a mushy fool. I'm going to keep it under my coat when they put me in front of the wall.

"A little rag doll," he mused slowly. "Not worth a copper coin—*only good enough to die for*. Tell me the truth," he commanded: "Don't you think I'm a fool?"

What could I say?

When Millie "Cashed In."

MILLIE KING "cashed in" the other day. She died of something or other—nobody knows just what. Yesterday afternoon, at an undertaking establishment near Seventh Avenue and Thirty-fifth street, her friends conducted a little funeral.

Everybody knew Millie King. Rain, snow or hail, she was to be seen along Thirty-fourth street every night, plying the profession that Thais, Delilah and Magdalene followed. Millie had been one of the sisters of the streets for almost six years—she was twenty-eight when she "turned in her chips."

There were about fifty—mostly women—at the services. They gathered in the solemn-faced undertaker's small, dim room to show that they "felt right" toward one of their own and to take a final look at Millie's remains.

Dottie Host didn't have her cheeks as red as usual. Slim Eva refrained from chewing gum for an hour. Charlie didn't give his Fatimas a single thought. The others made sacrifices that were as nerve-trying. For a while very little was said; it's hard to talk in the presence of the dead.

Millie was dressed in white. A kind soul had placed a lilly in her hand.

"Ain't she sweet," Eva gasped; "she soitenly looks pretty."

"She was some looker in her day," Charlie answered. "I know. I taught her everything she knew."

Eva was silent, gazing at the huge flower cross, on which were the words: "Rest in Peace".

"She was a good kid," Charlie added. "She always done what was right with me. I never had to say an unkind word to 'er. There ain't many like 'er in Noo Yawk. Take ninety-nine out of a hundred an' teach 'em the business an' they'll double-cross a feller. But not Millie. She certainly was straight."

A policeman strolling by the place looked in for a moment and passed on. Charlie returned his nod.

"He knew Millie as well as I did," Charlie told Slim Eva, "an' he never had trouble with 'er. He knew 'er since the first day she went out, an' she always done the right thing by him. Ask him, an' he'll tell you how straight a kid she was."

Red-faced, stout Hatcher, who conducts a "house of chance," was seated in the row of chairs in front of Charlie. He turned around and said:

"Charlie, I soitenly am sorry for yuh. Yuh've lost a good kid."

Charlie shook his head mournfully.

"Many a day she's been in my place, as you know, Charlie, and she always played a straight game. She could lose a twenty-spot without winkin' an eye. She was game. An' nobody could ever say she tried to do dirt with the cards. She played square, an' if she lost, she lost. She never beefed once."

Hatcher, noticing a pretty girl of about seventeen in the front seats, inquired:

"Who's that young dame, Charlie?"

Charlie leaned forward and whispered.

"That's Mary, her sister."

"She sure is a peach. I ain't ever seen 'er before."

"I never had a peep at 'er until today," Charlie returned. "She's been at school—"

"I'll betcha a ten-spot Millie paid 'er way," Hatcher interrupted. "Yuh hit it right, old man. Every red copper came from Millie; To tell you the truth, I didn't know a thing about it. She should've told me, but then I won't say anything because it was for a good reason. Now that she's alone—poor kid—I'm going to help her."

Charlie whispered something in Hatcher's ear, who put a finger to his lips, which meant he would see to it that so far as he was concerned it would be "mum's the word."

"She don't know—yet," Charlie said.

A black-frocked man entered the room and proceeded to mumble what preachers usually say at funerals. That attended to, the crowd departed.

At the door Dottie Host applied something to her cheeks that brought the desired hue. Slim Eva deposited a stick of chewing gum in her mouth. Charlie lit a Fatima.

The little funeral of Millie King was over.

The Rise of Frank Dunne

IF the city editor were to tell Frank Dunne to write a story about the moon being made of green cheese, he wouldn't ask questions. He would get facts, statistics, interviews and pictures to prove that the moon is made of green cheese. And here's the funny thing of it all—he would believe his own story. Yes, Frank Dunne was an ideal newspaperman. Temperamentally, he fit in with the order of things.

A newspaper's policy was Dunne's religion. The editorials were as gospel. He swore by the view point—everything that the paper stood for was right, was just, was as it should be. If he had been told to "cover" the crucifixion he would have written a story of a "long-haired agitator paying the penalty of his criminal views;" he would have told how "a certain Jesus Christ had incited the people to riot"; had said things "against the government," had "criticized established institutions and customs"; he would have given the impression that Jesus deserved his fate.

When Dunne covered a strike, the office was always satisfied. There wasn't a man on the *Morning Times* who could write a meaner story. He could sneer at a mass of starving strikers, accuse them of "squandering their salaries on drink," charge them with all manner of crime and violence—yes, he was a favorite in the *Times* office. Even the big chief—one couldn't conceive of a more unpleasant person—always smiled at Frank Dunne and bade him the time of day.

A rare specimen, his 135 pounds throbbed with energy, his sharp eyes were ever on the watch for stuff the office wanted, his ears heard everything, and if they didn't his imagination would come to the rescue.

This Frank Dunne was the star policy man; whenever anything particularly dirty was wanted, the office could always rely on Dunne, who would write the stuff—and, above all—swear by it. He was extraordinarily able at stories that meant systematic campaigns of publicity, for he could write on the same subject for weeks and weeks at a stretch, and never be at a loss for something to say. A word would often give him enough material for two columns. If there were some sort of a franchise the office was anxious to get for some local kings of finance, Dunne would be set to work on the publicity. He had genius for making the wrong appear right.

Considering that he was a newspaperman, Dunne was fairly well paid; he said he was getting \$40 a week; of course, he lied, for I knew it for a fact that he was getting \$35. Of course, he was always broke because he was always mingling with men of wealth and means, and didn't fancy being considered one not of their class. He would just as soon pay for a ten dollar dinner as not; he wouldn't hesitate to invite some wealthy friends to a champagne supper that would keep him in debt for weeks. Dunne loved the brothers of Have; he worshipped them, and nothing pleased him better than to be with them. He was always at some sort of an affair; and he always gave the impression that he belonged there.

* * *

JUST BEFORE DUNNE became the star policy man, he fell in love with a girl who worked in a local department store. She was a pretty—no, she was a beautiful—girl, just passing nineteen. He took her to the theatre a number of times, always treating her as best he knew how; and she, sweet Laura Knight, appreciated him immensely. She was a poor girl and, I repeat, she worked in a big store—and that means she worked at starvation wages. I believe she got six dollars a week; I'm sure it wasn't more.

Dunne told her many pretty things; he told her he loved her; yes, he even said she was "the best girl in the world." But he didn't say anything about marriage, though let it be said in fairness, he thought of it. He really considered it a splendid thing to have her as his wife. Yes, she would be the ideal companion for life, he concluded. But, somehow, he felt that Laura Knight was a girl he could always get, so there need be no hurry. He was convinced that if he didn't marry her she would be a spinster for the rest of her days—there are lots of men who believe that. So, he concluded it would be best for him to wait—maybe a year, possibly two or three, but no longer.

Laura Knight loved him, but she was a retiring sort, who didn't understand how to use her wonderful charms. Not knowing how to influence him, she let him have his way about things, and as he said nothing she simply played a waiting game.

* * *

SIX MONTHS LATER, Dunne married, but he didn't marry Laura Knight. He married an insipid female, a parasite to the core, but everybody thought Dunne was a lucky fellow; not every reporter has "luck" enough to marry a rich man's daughter. It happened this way. While at an affair, he was introduced to a young lady who was the daughter of the unpleasant owner of the *Morning Times*. This owner—Bennington Fraser—liked Dunne, as I've already mentioned, and when he learned that his daughter and Dunne were friendly, he smiled. When he learned, some weeks later, that his daughter would like to become the wife of Dunne, he didn't object.

"Of course," said Mr. Bennington Fraser, "this young fellow hasn't any money, but I tell you he has a future. He knows what's what. He hasn't any money, but he has the push and go that will bring him money. That young fellow is all right."

And he blessed him. And they married. And Dunne forgot about Laura Knight. Laura Knight cried a little, and sobbed a little more, and philosophically decided to make the most of it all.

* * *

DUNNE BECAME ONE of the most important men on the *Morning Times*; he became dictator of policy; he outlined campaigns; he ruled politics. The big chief trusted Dunne's judgment.

The paper was a gold mine. Dunne was on the inside. So, Dunne became wealthy. He got mixed up in a number of questionable deals, but he wasn't afraid, for he held a mighty club over all his enemies—the club of publicity. He could drive any man out of the county, he once boasted.

He got interested in a number of propositions; he invested money in street railway stock; he bought shares in a great manufacturing concern; he even bought a quarter interest in a great department store.

Dunne found the *Morning Times* was of great help in his business ventures, enabling him to get almost anything he wanted. Of course, when it came to the lawmaking bodies, he was a terror. All feared him.

* * *

BUT SOME PEOPLE will persist in being reformers, Dunne or no Dunne. And it came to pass that a number of reformers got together and formed an organization with the purpose of going into politics. An opposition paper decided to take up the cudgels for this reform element, and as a result circulation grew for the opposition paper.

This was a distressing state of affairs, though it didn't harm the finances of the *Morning Times*; this paper could always depend on the big advertisers—what more could one hope for? When campaign time came again, Dunne saw that the reformers were getting too strong. They were actually threatening to capture political powers; yes, it appeared as though they would capture the powers of government. Dunne's paper fought tirelessly, Dunne himself writing many editorials.

The reform Governor was elected, and then Dunne realized that many amazing things were about to happen. The reformers, in their platform, distinctly said that if elected they would fight for the passage of a minimum wage bill. Dunne, interested in a department store, didn't fancy the idea of a minimum wage bill passing the Legislature, so he fought, but somehow his paper didn't carry the kind of stuff he wanted.

"I tell you, Dunne," said Mr. Fraser, "we haven't got the man who has the right angle on this minimum wage business."

Dunne agreed with him.

"We aren't getting the right kind of stuff," Fraser repeated.

"I don't know of a better man to put on this story," said Dunne, with a growl.

"Oh, that's easy enough, Dunne," said Fraser, with a wink; "we've got the right man—"

"Who?"

"You."

This was a neat compliment, Dunne thought, and it pleased him immensely. Dunne put fire and vigor into the fight. The men behind the paper chuckled, for they saw they were getting what they needed—"the right angle."

* * *

DUNNE FOUGHT LIKE a tiger—he threatened, he bullied, he lied, he screamed, he moaned, he used dozens of cartoons—he did everything in his power to work up sentiment against the bill. He roared at the reformers, accusing them of all sorts of crimes; he made life uncomfortable for them. The headlines, day after day, week after week, counted. Dunne brought up a number of side issues to cloud the real issue. He sort of muddled the water, said Fraser.

"You're doing fine," said Fraser; "keep it up."

And Dunne obeyed. "The trouble," said Dunne, "is that we are on the defensive. Even though we are pouring the hot shot into them, they are still on the offensive." With a thump on the table, he added: "I want them to be on the defensive! Not me!"

Mr. Fraser liked the idea, but he didn't know just what to do. Dunne solved this problem. Attack them—simple enough. He made a number of sensational charges against the floor leaders and the Governor. He made serious charges, the kind that make people talk, and it wasn't many days before the Governor and his fighting lieutenants were on the defensive; they literally had to fight to save their reputations—and the result was—well that doesn't matter; the point is that the bill was forgotten; the point of attack shifted; the issues were muddled and the girls were left where they always were—with starvation wages. This, it was generally agreed, was a master stroke on Dunne's part.

He had his way about things. He had argued that girls would "never go wrong on account of low wages if they weren't bad by nature." He had argued that "low wages do not drive girls into the street." His department store was saved many thousands of dollars. Oh, by the way, Laura Knight was one of the employes in Dunne's store. Dunne met her one night and was astonished to learn that she had become a prostitute. Strange things happen, Dunne thought. "She never was any good or she wouldn't have become that." And Dunne might have married her! What a narrow escape!

The Man Who Wouldn't Talk.

WHEN James Cronin was sentenced to a twenty-year term, he swore: "So help me God, this is the last time I talk." No one paid the least attention to this statement, for all agreed it was quite meaningless. But, when James Cronin was brought to the penitentiary, the first thing the men in authority learned was that this peculiar wretch meant to make good his threat—he wouldn't talk.

Warden Pollock concluded that a week or so of silence would end this ridiculous affair. Surely, he would talk. But, he didn't. Cronin refused to utter a word.

He was the best sort of inmate—obeyed rules, troubled no one; did his work in a willing manner. He was a fine prisoner, this James Cronin was—that is, fine from the viewpoint of the warden. But Cronin wouldn't talk.

The months passed; James Cronin continued his silence. To be sure, the newspaper editors were quick to see the news value of this strange convict, so they assigned reporters to write "human interest stories" about this man who wouldn't talk. And, of course, the reporters wrote; and, like good reporters, they never went near the silent convict.

Warden Pollock read all their stories and had to confess they were readable, even though the reporters never approached the subject which had permitted their imaginations to have full play.

They put that subtle thing called atmosphere into their stories; and this Warden Pollock found exceedingly interesting. They also did some "fine writing," making it appear as though Convict 7998 were some thought-besotted melancholy person.

"This thin, wiry, glassy-eyed man of mystery has closed his soul in a tomb of silence," said one reporter in a story that covered

almost two columns. "He has found the world to be a vale of tears; he has learned that mankind is jungle-spirited; that civilization kills the light in the poet's heart and stifles the laughter of children. With a heart suffering the pangs of remorse, with a conscience weighted with sin, with hopes blasted and ideals crushed, with love cold and passionless, he now spends the weary days of his life in a prison cell—silent, dumb, dead!"

When Warden Pollock read this, he admitted he was touched. Somehow, he felt that his silent convict was a character who had lived an extraordinary life, who thought deep melancholy thoughts and whose soul was alive with the immensities of sorrow. He sent the paper to Convict 7998. Cronin read it slowly; tears gathered in his eyes—but he did not utter a word. Without even moving his lips, he returned the paper.

The years passed, and this convict continued his silence. At almost regular periods the newspapers told wierd, interest-compelling stories of this man. His fame spread rapidly; before long, he became a national character. He was pointed out to gaping inquisitive visitors; some, for the sake of the experience, spoke to him, but he never answered. He would not talk.

A poet was attracted to this silent sufferer. This poet's name was known wherever people spoke English. He penned a wonderful poem; it reached the hearts of the people. It was pregnant with suffering, a rare work of art.

An artist gained permission to paint a portrait of Convict 7998. He worked weeks and weeks; his picture was a masterpiece. It won the salon medal. In the eyes of this convict, the artist placed the glow of twilight. Behind the eyes the picture seemed to mirror a soul bent on self-abnegation. The lips were sealed; closed tightly; drawn down at the sides; silence! death! mystery! all of these were expressed in this picture. The convict was permitted to gaze upon the portrait before it was removed; but, he did not say a word.

The prison chaplain said this convict was resting with God—facing the holy light of the Creator; he felt that here was a latter-day saint; rather, here was the sort of martyr that gave self to the lions rather than renounce Him. When he stood before this man of silence, the chaplain felt as though he were an inferior, that here was a man who showed, in his every move, his love for God, his faith in the ultimate.

At last there came the day when the prison doors were to open for this man who wouldn't talk. Warden Pollock spoke to him.

"Your day has come," he said; "and now you are to go into the world—free! You have not spoken a word during all these years."

The other shook his head slowly.

"I have been wondering what were the thoughts that occupied your mind during these years of silence," Warden Pollock continued. "Didn't you feel an irresistible desire, on many occasions, to break this awful silence?"

James Cronin nodded his head.

"I feel that you had some things you were almost insane in your anxiety to say; and yet, you did not talk. Surely there was one thing, above all, that you desired to say—something. Tell me, what was it?"

James Cronin cleared his throat. Warden Pollock leaned forward a bit, so anxious was he to catch the first words to come from this man of silence.

In a solemn tone, the convict asked:

"Have yuh got the makin's?"

Christine de Guichard.

WHEN I answered the ring of my phone-bell, I learned it was my friend, Harry Monroe, who was calling me. "I'm coming down as I promised," he announced. "And if you don't mind, I'll bring someone along with me."

Harry—who, like myself, worked on *The Press*—then informed me he thought I would be glad to meet him—Leroy Harding, a former newspaper man.

"Leroy Harding?" I repeated, slowly. Then after a few moments of reflection, I continued: "do you mean the Leroy Harding who was the husband of Christine de Guichard, the opera singer who died last year?"

"Jove!" came from the other end; "you've got a memory!"

"Not at all," I protested; "the reason I know is simply because Christine de Guichard, when she lived, was my favorite. I shall never forget her."

Almost enthusiastically, I went on:

"You know well enough, Harry, that my library of records contains more of de Guichard's selections than any two opera singers combined."

"We'll discuss that later," Harry announced, hanging up the receiver.

* * *

CHRISTINE de Guichard! How that name always thrilled me! As I walked from that phone, I recalled her as she was when she appeared in my favorite operas. I saw her—a beautiful woman, a great singer, a mature genius. When she died, I felt that there was no person who could take her place, who could stimulate me, delight me as did this rare interpreter of the noblest melodies and tone-thoughts of the master composers.

That was the reason I turned to a machine that could bring her vocal art back to me, a machine in which her amazing technique was exquisitely recorded. She was gone, but her spirit would remain in a thing of wheels and springs, a thing of such automatic perfection that it could reach out and take something from Death himself.

Every record that bore the name of Christine de Guichard was in my collection. Isolde's Love Song awaited me whenever I desired it. Arias from the operas of Verdi, Puccini, Donizetti and Leoncavallo were always ready—and Christine de Guichard rendered them all, as only she could, with finish, and with the artist's attention to enunciation and expression.

* * *

AND here was I to meet the man who had been de Guichard's husband! I knew the bare facts. He had been a newspaper man. Attracted to her, he served her well, obtaining a considerable amount of publicity for the diva. Something about him appealed to her; she appealed to him; they married. Undoubtedly his work as her manager helped her greatly, but I believe, however, that a woman gifted with a voice of such extraordinary richness could have done as well even had she had no one help bring her before the public. The voice was there—and the voice, like the play, is the thing.

* * *

I DECIDED to put on a de Guichard record and watch him casually to see what its effect would be. I thought of the strangeness of it all—here was a man whose wife was gone forever, but who would

return to him through ridiculous bits of steel and wood. Indeed, the thing Man makes is often greater than Man himself.

"How does he feel?" I asked myself. I could not answer the question. His feelings were a mystery.

I put on a love song, which Christine de Guichard rendered beautifully.

"Down by the running water,
I sing my song of love to thee."

So went a passage. Slowly, she sang:

"Thou art my heart's desire;
With thee I long to be;
Each moment pass'd without thee
Seems an eternity."

With inspiring strength, she ended:

"O strange, sweet passion!
Love's burning fire!
How I long to be with thee;

"Thou art my heart's desire!"

I considered him the person to whom she was singing—murmuring her love, moaning the loss. "How I long to be with you." I was sent to shuddering with the terror of it.

His face had been almost inscrutable as he listened to the song. Betraying no emotion, he asked, at its close:

"I say; what's that?"

I was amazed.

"Don't you recognize it?"

"No," he replied; "sounds a little familiar, though. Maybe I've heard it somewhere. I've been with so many musical freaks and heard so much of this classical stuff, I don't know what I've heard and what I haven't. But if you're going to put on anything else, cut out this high-brow stuff and put on something lively. Play 'It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary'."

A Good Man.

HE was a good man—everybody said so. Mr. Wetherby did not hesitate to give a million to the society for the prevention of cruelty to beetles. He built a hospital for the care of nanny goats. When he heard how the poor wretches in the Fiji Islands must exist without an understanding of the beauties of art, he wept.

He sympathized with the benighted Eskimos who must endure life without the ennobling influences of classical music, so he appropriated enough to send a symphony orchestra to the unfortunates.

The news that farmers crowd too many chickens into their coops, shocked him to the depths, so that he immediately organized a society for the limitation of the number of hens to each crate.

He was a good man and everybody respected him.

When he learned that his workmen had gone on strike for a 50-cent increase in pay, he flew into a rage, called them unappreciative whelps, threatened to starve them into submission and ordered the Governor to call out the militia.

After the strike was crushed and the men returned to their dollar-and-a-half-a-day jobs, he resumed his efforts to make happy the doomed chickens, the suffering beetles, the ailing nanny goats and the musicless Eskimos.

The Prospector of Harlem

"IT'S a disgrace, judge; I tell you it's a shame to take up my time like this when—"

"Silence!" the judge commanded; "what is the defendant charged with?"

The clerk replied quickly that complaint had been made by Mrs. Kennedy against her husband, Thomas.

"It's an outrage to waste good time like this," Thomas Kennedy moaned. "I'm an old man—sixty-eight years old—and when I make my first strike I get my time wasted like this—" He jerked his head in a nervous manner.

With his eyes on the clock, Kennedy muttered: "It costs me twenty dollars an hour to be here—it's a shame."

"What's the matter with your husband?" the judge asked Mrs. Kennedy, a tidy, gray-haired woman dressed in black.

"He's a fine husband—usually. He had a job as night watchman until we moved into our house on east 115th street. Then he quit his job about a month ago and started digging a hole in the yard. He's been digging there ever since."

"Is that right?" the judge inquired.

"Yes, judge, there's gold in that claim, I tell you. It'll pay twenty dollars to the ton, which is more than ever I was able to get up north."

"Gold in your back yard? In New York? You must be suffering from the heat."

"No, judge," Kennedy persisted. "I know, judge, so help me, I know."

"You're a foolish man—"

"Ding it all, I know. When people rushed to the frozen north, they found me up there, for I was ahead of them all. I've spent twenty years of my life above 53° north latitude; and many a time I've camped at 60°. I've starved my way up the ice-covered Yukon; I've hunted bear along the shores of the Mackenzie. Yes, judge, I went up so far that when I spit I'd spit ice; yes, sir, ice, sir, chunks of it."

Kennedy became excited. His voice rose to a high falsetto as he exclaimed:

"Yes, sir, judge; I've hunted for the yellow muck—I've sweated my way into mountain sides and burrowed my shaft in the thawing ground. I know—I ain't lived sixty-eight years for nothing. I say there's gold in that there back yard—and it'll pay twenty dollars to the ton or I'll eat the dirt for breakfast. I say there's gold—"

The judge tapped his forehead with a long, lean finger, bent forward and whispered:

"He's a nut!"

In the observation ward, Kennedy persists that there is a great conspiracy to jump his claim.

"I discovered that gold," he says again and again.

"I found it and by rights it belongs to me. It'll pay twenty to the ton or I'll eat the dirt for breakfast! Won't you let me get back to my claim before it's jumped? Won't you?"

The Stranger.

WE—the four of us in that smoking compartment—had just left Niagara and crossed over to the Canadian side, where we trusted the Grand Trunk Railroad to carry us to Chicago. No sooner had we rolled over the Suspension Bridge than everything began to bristle bayonets. A soldier at each turn it seemed. We were in a war country.

Immediately I looked at my three neighbors to see if there were any "enemies" present—not mine, but Canada's. I merely know people I like and people who do things I don't like.

But to the three men. At my right, a Hungarian. Directly opposite me, a Canadian. To his left, a Russian. All of them looked as though they had been sleeping in their clothes. Also, they didn't appear to be any too clean.

Now, I don't care where a man stands on such unimportant trifles as the latest Lansing note to Von Jagow, or where he stands on the insignificant question of indemnity to Belgium; but when he yanks out a huge bologna, as did that Russian, and proceeds to whittle it in my presence, he gets down to the great fundamental evils of society, down to the overwhelming tremendousities (something tells me I am coining a word).

I felt uncomfortable. I had heard of bologna hanging from the hooks in butcher's windows, but I did not think human beings whittled a chunk of it much as Whittling Whilliam whittles a stick. That Russian did a shocking thing. Seeming to take a liking to me, he reached over and offered me that bewhittled bologna and that greasy knife.

"You want eat?" he asked somewhat huskily.

"Oh—no, no, no!" I answered quickly, wondering when the negro would announce breakfast in the diner.

"You want eat?" he asked the Canadian, a farmer of about 65.

"Don't mind if I do take a chunk," he answered.

For half a minute he whittled. I was amazed. Here were strangers sharing the same horrible bologna. I shuddered.

"You want eat?" he asked the Hungarian, who accepted without a moment's hesitation.

Here were three men—a Russian, a Hungarian and a Canadian—fraternizing over a piece of bologna. And I, the fourth, a neutral, if you please—a stranger, an outcast.

My Hungarian neighbor reached into his overcoat pocket and produced what surely was a quart bottle of whiskey. He uncorked it and placed it to lips that were still greasy from contact with bologna. He drank—deeply, thoroughly, conclusively, superlatively. Surely at least a half pint gurgled its way beyond his Adam's apple, which bobbed in a ridiculous manner. I caught my breath. Wiping the wet neck of the bottle with a dirty palm, that Hungarian offered me a drink.

"You want drink?" he asked.

"Oh—no, no, no!" I answered, embarrassed.

He offered it to the Russian, who accepted with alacrity. The Canadian also consumed about a half pint.

"Ah!" they chorused, ecstatically.

Oh!" I moaned, inwardly.

The Canadian reached into his right coat pocket and brought

forth the largest piece of chewing tobacco I ever saw in my life. That Canadian's tobacco was about a foot long and four inches wide. It was a most convincing object. He stuck one end in his mouth, and pulled, tearing off enough to fill it to the extent that breathing, for a while, became difficult. Then, with a flourish, he swung that black stick of tobacco toward me.

"Have a chew?" he inquired.

I saw the saliva on the end of the stick—and shuddered.

"Oh—no, no, no!" I gasped.

The Hungarian accepted. So did the Russian. Soon they were aiming bombs of expectorant, highly charged with nicotine, at a cuspidor near my feet. I feared they might strike my shoes, freshly shined by the Pullman porter.

The Hungarian, the Russian and the Canadian now were the best of friends. A chunk of bologna, a swig of whiskey and a chew of tobacco—that was all, and they were comrades. I glanced out of the window as we raced through Hamilton, and saw a regiment of soldiers marching to their drill grounds. But my neighbors noticed them not.

There was something that bound them together—a chunk of bologna. What cared that Canadian that my neighbor was a Teuton? Had he not supplied the flask? And what cared the Hungarian that the Russian was of that hated Slav country? Had he not supplied bologna? I was the only stranger. I—a neutral—who had refused the drink, the chew, and the bite. They looked on me with suspicion.

"Breakfast served in the rear car!" yelled the white-jacketed negro. I got up hurriedly and left. I was ashamed to admit that I had nothing that could bring me into that smoking compartment comradeship.

A Matter of Taste.

"**H**OW are you getting along?" Judge Wiffen Poof asked Mrs. Lizzie Mews, whose husband had been placed on probation for abandonment.

"Oh, all right, judge. I'm satisfied with him—"

"Does he beat you?"

"Oh, sure; but not so often."

"Does he swear?"

"Oh, certainly; he couldn't live without swearing—"

"Does he still break the dishes?"

"Only two or three times a week."

"Does he give you any money?"

"Sure—sometimes."

"Does he get drunk?"

"Well, yes; he's got to get drunk once in a while—I don't mind—"

"You're satisfied?"

"Sure—he's an angel to what he used to be. He'd even hock my weddin' ring to get drunk; but now, outside of a little trouble once in a while, he's a fine husband."

"Well," said Judge Wiffen Poof, "considering he's such a good husband I'll dismiss the case."

"I hope he'll keep good," Mrs. Mews murmured as she walked from the courtroom.

The Heart Expert

THE novel interested Bartlett. Though only an amateurish effusion, it held his attention. After throwing the manuscript aside, Bartlett became engrossed in thought. "H-m, pretty good," said he, half aloud. "There's hope for that kid. He'll make his mark; but yet, there's one great fault with him—his heart is whole. It needs a little anguish; it needs a little suffering and, by Jove, the best thing in the world for him would be a heartless woman to wring some sobs out of him. That's it, a fractured heart would give him a different outlook on life—in other words, it would make a man of him."

With these thoughts in mind, Bartlett slipped into his overcoat, lit a cigar and stepped out for a walk. "How can that boy's heart be broken?" Bartlett asked himself.

He continued his reflections until he recalled a woman whom he felt certain could do the work to perfection. She would doubtless lend herself to the task—provided, of course, there be someone's leg to pull.

"Yes, Ethel's the girl to break his heart," Bartlett concluded. "She'll let him make love to her—she'll be his first woman—she'll play with him awhile, tire of him and then cast him aside—and there you are. Oh, that's just what he needs! I'll go up to see her about it."

A few days later the young novelist dropped into Bartlett's apartments to affect a small loan—"only a five spot until Saturday, old man."

"Jean, I want to congratulate you," said Bartlett, letting him have the money. "Your novel reads well and I hope you'll land it somewhere."

The lad smiled in a disinterested manner, lit a cigarette and seated himself in a comfortable rocker.

"What do you say to coming up with me to visit a young lady friend of mine? You'll like her company very much—she'll interest you, even though rather sporty, but then, you can just go for local color—you might use her in a novel some day, eh?" said Bartlett.

"Is she interesting?"

Bartlett nodded.

"Very well, I am willing to go."

* * *

AS SOON AS JEAN set eyes on Ethel he was charmed—captured by her seductive eyes, vivacious nature, musical voice and happy laugh. Of course, he was not very anxious to admit it. However, the truth was evident. Bartlett was immensely pleased. And before leaving Jean alone in the company of Ethel, Bartlett slipped a few bills into his protegee's pocket, to be used as circumstances might require.

And then, Bartlett departed, feeling that he had done a good day's work in the cause of Art.

"Ah! My Jean! Now will you learn what life really means! And then you'll write such stuff as will make Shakespeare turn in his grave."

A great fear entered Bartlett's heart. "Suppose he takes her deception to heart and commits suicide. . . . What about that? Or, he might die of his broken heart! Good heavens! I don't want his blood on my head!" Bartlett argued.

"Oh, well," said he later. "I'll wait and see how things turn out."

A MONTH SLIPPED BY. During that time Bartlett often wondered how things went with Jean. He had heard many vague rumors, but nothing definite.

One day he dropped into a department store, stopped at a neck-tie counter—and almost dropped dead.

Behind the counter stood Jean.

"What in the name of Caesar's ghost are you doing here?" exclaimed Bartlett in astonishment.

"Oh, I'm employed here."

"Employed here?"

"Sure thing."

"Since when?"

"Last week," replied Jean. "And my wife's over in the millinery department—"

"Wife! Who?"

"Why, Ethel—"

"And what about your novels?"

"Oh, shucks! Say, these ties are all wool and only thirty cents. Shall I wrap one up?"

A Bit of Conversation.

"GEE, yuh didn't do that, didge?"

"Whacher mean, didge?"

"Come away, now, don't be hard in the noodle."

"Whacher mean, hard in the noodle? That's your soft place."

"Aw, you're a bum chemist."

"Whacher men, chemist?"

"Yuh can't analyze me! Haw!"

"A regular smart aleck."

"It's as plain as A. B. C."

"When you talk I'm D. E. F."

"You're some come-on guy."

"Talkin' like this to this baby is like throwin' away money—"

"Whacher mean, throw away money—me?"

"No, him—who d'ye think I wuz talkin' to? A nonexistent personality—get that?"

"I getcha, nonexistent personality; but whacher mean, throw away money—me do that—"

"For throwin' all this smart gab around for us thicks to get gratis free of charge—"

"Whacher mean, free of charge?"

"These bright ideas is too good to chuck around loose. Why don't you buy yourself a little book for five sueys?"

"Whacher mean, buy a book?"

"So's you could write down all your smart aleck stuff."

"Fan me, quick—"

"An' then yuh could sell it in a book and make a piece of money."

"I always was a wasteful guy—"

"You'd be rich if you was onto yourself."

"But say, Alvadora, kiddin' aside, what d'ye say to the movie?"

"More extravagance! Awright."

Sallie's Choice.

THREE women—Probation Officer Mrs. Tompkins, Sallie Williams better known as Kitty, and her mother, Mrs. Mary S. Williams, of Peekskill, N. Y.,—were together in an effort to “fix things up.” Mrs. Tompkins was the “fixer”; the other two needed the “fixing,” especially Kitty.

“It’s too late, I tell you,” Kitty exclaimed, again and again. “It won’t work, I say.”

“Yes, it will,” said Mrs. Tompkins, firmly.

“I know it won’t.” Kitty seemed determined to have her way.

“There,” Mrs. Williams cried. “I offer to take her home again and she says no. Oh, God, who’d a-thought my Sallie would fall so low.”

Mrs. Williams, a woman of fifty, burst into tears.

“Now, mother, please don’t cry—”

“You don’t love me or you wouldn’t make me suffer like this—”

“Yes, I do, mother. I’d do anything for you—but this can’t be done—it’s too late—”

“It’s never too late to mend,” was Mrs. Tompkins’ platitude. She looked at them as though she had given expression to a highly original thought.

“Yes, it is,” said Kitty; “some things get so broken you can’t fix ’em—you have to throw ’em away. And I’m one of them. I can’t be fixed.”

“Here you have a mother who is willing to take you home and give you a chance to start again.”

“I’ll be miserable,” Kitty said. A frown furrowed her painted face.

“I know what’ll happen,” she added. “Everybody’ll look at me as a leper. The neighbors will point to me as a bad example. I tell you I won’t be able to stand it.”

“You will.”

“I won’t. If she’d stay here I’d take care of her and give her a place to stay in—”

“How?” Mrs. Tompkins asked.

“You know. Five years of my kind of life has made me different. I can’t change now, especially by going to my home town. There’s nothing for me there.”

“Very well,” Mrs. Tompkins frowned, ready to play her trump card; “if your mind is made up you can have the six months the judge gave you. Go home or to the island.”

“How’ll I live up at Peekskill?”

“Work.”

“At what?”

“I don’t know. Wash clothes—anything—to make a living. Jail or home—which will you take?”

Kitty decided to go to Peekskill.

Ten minutes after they were gone, Kitty’s mother rushed into Mrs. Tompkins’ office.

“We got to a corner,” she panted, “when she grabbed me around the neck and kissed me. Then she ran off—”

Mrs. Tompkins said, “D——n it all!”—which was a rare thing for Mrs. Tompkins to say.

The Proposal.

“YES,” said he; “I would be the happiest man in the world were you to consent to be my wife.”

“You’ve told that to a hundred other women, haven’t you?”

She eyed him cynically. He hemmed and hawed. After a painful pause, he said:

“My dearest darling, you are the first woman I have ever loved.”

“And—and you are thirty-five years old?”

“Past thirty-four, my dear, past thirty-four.”

“And you mean to say that I am the first woman—”

“Absolutely,” he answered, quickly. “I have never given a thought to the opposite sex until I met you last month.”

“And you have lived in Paris for seven years?”

“No, my dear, six and a half years.”

“And you have trotted over this entire globe?”

“All except Siberia.”

“And now, you propose to me and tell me that I am the first woman you have ever given a thought?”

“I swear, my dear, you are the first, absolutely the first.”

“George, I am yours! I know you are lying, but I believe you anyway.”

Desire.

“WHAT’S the first thing you’d do if you had a million dollars?” I asked this question of a group of regulars in the regiment of the ragged in the Bowery Hotel.

“The first thing I’d do,” said Frank Chase, who hopes to get a job laying bricks in spite of his fifty years, “would be—what’d you say? A million dollars?”

He paused. Gray-haired, wrinkled Chase wanted to do himself full justice, it was obvious.

“The first thing I’d do would be to get me a better room with nobody in it but me.”

Warren, who has muscular rheumatism, chirped in with:

“If I had a clean million I’d see to it right away that I had hot water in my room in the winter time.”

“What would you do after you got your hot water?”

“I’d take a bath whenever I needed it; that’s me.”

“I’d eat every day just like as if it was Christmas,” O’Hara, the emaciated, enthused.

Baldheaded, asthmatic “Shorty” cackled:

“When I was a kid I always did like to hear jigs played.”

I concluded that that must have been at least forty-five years ago,

“And,” “Shorty” continued, “if I was to get a clean million right now, I’d first of all buy me a fiddle and take lessons on jigs.”

“Nix on that, ‘Shorty,’” Bill Pool, the ex-gambler, exclaimed; “before you begin squandering that million you’d have to pay me that dime you owe me—”

“Sure I would. I’d pay it now—if it had it to spare—”

“You’ve had it about three months. I could use that dime right now.”

"Skinny" Tom, the umbrella mender, said:

"I ain't seen my old woman for nine years." He seemed to be gazing beyond us. "If I had that million, I'd hunt her up and give her a present—"

"What would you give her?" I inquired.

He answered quickly, as though his mind were made up for a long time:

"A pair of shiny dancin' slippers."

"Aw, he's gettin' mushy," "Shorty" blurted; "he gets that way oncet in a while."

"Say!" "Shorty" glared at me. "What'd you do if you got a million dollars right now?"

"I'd buy you a fiddle, 'Shorty'; I'd get a pair of dancing slippers for 'Skinny'; and I'd pay Mr. Pool the ten cents you owe him; then I'd get Chase a better room, and a bath with hot water for sick Warren."

"And how about me?" O'Hara inquired.

"I wouldn't forget you, old man; I'd fix it so's you could eat every day just like Christmas."

"Gee, but you're a liberal guy!" said O'Hara.

Wormwood.

SOME forty miles from Odessa was a village that harbored a hundred peasants. Nathan was one of them. He was a young tailor; strong, and even handsome. I said he was handsome. By that I don't mean he had drooping eyelashes, or bow-shaped lips, or hazel-brown eyes. No; I mean he was handsome in his magnificent strength and manfulness. For Nathan was a picture of health.

Now, Nathan loved a girl. And the girl loved Nathan. They were soon to be married. This made Nathan happy. Radiant Sophia also was happy. The parents of Nathan and Sophia were simply delighted. It was a good match, all said in their wise Jewish coarsuredness.

But Nathan one day got it into his head that there shouldn't be a marriage ceremony before he became possessed of a lot of money. So he decided to go to America.

Sophia cried. Her parents agreed with Nathan. A young man who looks ahead like Nathan isn't to be met every day. Nathan was right, said Sophia's father. Any young man not afraid of work can make a fortune in America—all he's got to do is work. Sophia was only seventeen, so why not wait a few years?

* * *

THE SUDDEN CHANGE bewildered Nathan. Yesterday it was the crude, open life of the Russian village; now it was teeming, sweltering, nervous New York. The crawl of peasantry gave way to the crush of modern civilization.

Nathan placed himself in the hands of the Hebrew Aid Society. Its secretary soon got him a job in an eastside sweatshop. And then commenced the terrific grind. He worked and worked. There seemed no limit to his capabilities. He seemed made of iron.

For weeks and weeks his whole being was caged in the cell of toil in a heart-breaking shop and sleep in a disease-laden tenement hovel.

But Nathan never complained. He was dreaming—dreaming of Sophia, of sweet, beautiful Sophia. He saved, and saved, and saved. The dollars gathered slowly, but surely.

It was a life of work—of endless, monotonous labor.

Nathan saw nothing. He cared to see nothing. He had what he wanted—work. He was saving what he needed for Sophia—money. What more could a man ask for?

I said Nathan was made of iron. Well, iron corrodes. Yes, even iron rusts and decays. Nathan corroded. Nathan wasted away before his dreary task. Nathan became consumptive.

Gradually Nathan withered under the load. His eyes became bleared, his breathing labored, his back bent, his muscles dried up and his face became set, furrowed and pale. What a change! A year before Nathan had been a giant, now he was wan, forlorn and diseased. The iron in him had rusted.

Nathan continued working, unaware of the havoc both shop and crowded tenement had played. He did not notice his health gradually slip away. Nor did he realize the Nathan of old was no more. He worked, and worked. He saved, and saved. For Sophia was waiting—sweet, good Sophia. It was all for Sophia.

The months passed slowly. Each morning it was a little more difficult to get out of bed. Each day it was harder to continue the trying strain. Each night he was weaker and more wretched.

And that cough was bothering him. At first he was quite sure it would leave in a few days. But it didn't go. It got worse. He tried to accustom himself to it. For a while Nathan succeeded. Now, he could withstand it no longer.

The man at the next machine one morning took it upon himself to give Nathan some advice. Nathan concluded it would do no harm to follow it, so he went to see a doctor.

The doctor was quick and abrupt. There was nothing else for Nathan to do. He simply would have to leave New York, the doctor told him. Three months more of the shop and tenement, and Nathan would die. That's what the doctor told him.

* * *

SOME WEEKS LATER a shadow of a man limped into a Russian village some forty miles from Odessa. He half staggered his way up the road to the hut of Sophia.

It was noon and the sun poured its heat with bright radiance on the early autumn fields. The harvest season was on and the workers labored with song and jest, gathering nature's gift.

Nathan felt strange. The sympathetic looks of those he met on the roadway embarrassed him.

Sophia was returning from the field. He saw her coming down the road, heard her shrill laughter, and trembled from head to foot. A cold sweat came upon him.

She was passing him by! His Sophia! The girl for whom he had saved more than a thousand dollars! Sophia!

"Friend," he stammered, "do you know Nathan?"

"Nathan?" she repeated, quickly; "My Nathan? Oh, he is gone—to America."

And in her girlish innocence, she added:

"My Nathan is coming back to marry me. Oh, he is beautiful, my Nathan. Do you know him?"

Nathan did not answer.

"Everybody loves my Nathan. I am dying to hear from him, for he hasn't written a letter for almost a month. Have you heard from him?"

Nathan shook his head.

"No? Oh, I just can't wait any longer for my Nathan. I must see my handsome Nathan!" she exclaimed, hurrying away.

Nathan glared after her for a moment, and sighed. Suddenly he commenced coughing again. It was a painful cough and tore him with pain.

"She doesn't know me," he moaned; "she doesn't know me."

Nathan felt weak and about to fall. For a few minutes he sat on a rock gazing after Sophia. Then he slowly rose to his feet and walked away from the village.

Mike Mulcachy Was Drunk Again.

THIS is a psychological story. It is a tale of the subconscious mind. It is a story that should have been written by Hugo Munsterberg, William James, Gustave Le Bon or Henri Bergson. But the task falls on my puny shoulders. Please don't get frightened—the fog will lift shortly.

First of all, let's get the concrete facts. After that is straightened out there will be time enough for psychology, and the like. The hero of this tale has the most poetic and expressive name that ever issued from the lips of man. His name is Mike Mulcachy.

Mulcachy is exactly 64 years old. I hate to confess it, but he is commonly called an old soak, a frowsy bum, a charter member in the down-and-out fraternity. There's only one thing in this world that Mike Mulcachy fervently prays for—and that's for enough liquid to enable him to blossom into alcoholic amiability.

The third of the Richards promised his kingdom for a horse. Mike Mulcachy would gladly pawn his shoes for a drink. When he was arrested last night, Mike was in his usual condition—drunk. He was haled into police court, charged with being a common drunkard. So much for the "concrete facts." Now comes the psychology.

When his name was called, Mulcachy walked forward with feet that were somewhat wobbly. He was coming for a bit of formality that he had gone through hundreds of times in the past forty years. It had become a habit, second nature. He could easily go through all the proceedings with his eyes shut. As he stepped to Judge Wiffen Poof's bench, Mulcachy let his subconscious mind get the better of him. By that I mean Mulcachy said something that went like the following:

"Ah, good morning', Mike Mulcachy. And how are yeh this mornin', Mulcachy? Oh, I'm all right, thank yeh. And so, you're back again? Ain't you ashamed of yourself, yeh old bum? Eh? Ah, indeed I am, sir. Ashamed I am, sir. An' I'll never touch another drop, sir. You're lyin', Mulcachy; yeh know yer lyin'. Well sir, yeroner, I guess yer right—I guess booze is me second nature. There's no hope for yer reform, Mulcachy. Right ye be, yeroner, right ye be. Me an' Demon Rum is twins. Shame on ye, Mike Mulcachy, soak that ye are. Shamed am I of meself, yeroner. An' ninety days ye deserve, Mucachy—ninety days ye git, Mulcachy. Right ye are, yeroner; ninety days I ought to be gettin'—"

Judge Wiffen Poof, at this point, interjected with:

"You've given yourself justice, Mulcachy, though I only intended giving you thirty days. But I think you weren't unnecessarily harsh, so take your ninety days!"

The Worn-out Rug.

How swiftly glide our flying years!
Alas! nor piety, nor tears
Can stop the fleeting day;
Deep furrowed wrinkles, posting age,
And death's unconquerable rage,
Are strangers to delay.

—Horace.

MRS. EVANS, married but a few months, was in need of a rug. After entering a carpet store, she was approached by a young clerk who made a pleasant impression on her. His was a fine face—bright, cheerful, youthful.

"What sparkling eyes!" Mrs. Evans exclaimed, inwardly.

"And how beautifully he smiles!" she added, casting an admiring glance toward his pearly teeth.

"I wish to purchase a rug," she told the young man.

He showed her a number of multi-colored rugs. For the moment she seemed more interested in this blond youth than in the wares he displayed.

"And here," smiled the youth; "this is a rug that came yesterday. It came by itself—a new design—beautiful, isn't it?—it's the only one we have—"

"The only one?"

"Yes. It came by itself—like many of us—we come into the world alone, and stay here alone—and die alone," the youth philosophized.

Mrs. Evans laughed; youthful pessimism usually amuses.

"You're not afraid you may go through life alone, are you?" she asked, gazing into his wonderful brown eyes.

"Life to me is a game of *solitaire*," said the young man, blandly.

"It's just a game of *solitaire*."

She smiled. Paying for the rug, she went home.

* * *

MRS EVANS GAVE considerable thought to the handsome youth and his laughable pessimism. She knew there was little likelihood of so striking a young person being ignored by the all-seeing, arrow-shooting imp; this red-cheeked youth surely would be captured.

"Life is a game of *solitaire*—for some," she murmured, "but not for you, Mr. Handsome."

After a time, his face disappeared into the wilderness of forgetfulness.

* * *

YEARS FLEW BY—many, many years—"Time rolls his ceaseless course," leaving a wrinkle to mark each year. And when the years numbered twenty-five, she was a woman on the distressing side of fifty.

Mrs. Evans walked into a carpet store to buy a rug to replace the one that had been an eye-sore for a long time. She was in the same store she had visited soon after her marriage.

A pale, emaciated man, neatly, but somberly dressed, approached her. He didn't make a pleasant impression. His was a wan face—drawn, dry and hard.

"What an unhappy-looking man!" she thought.

He exhibited his stock.

Spreading a rug on the floor, he said, in a wheezing tone:

"This is a fine one that came this morning. It came by itself—it's the only one we've got—"

Mrs. Evans' memory worked rapidly. Something was breaking the bonds of forgetfulness. There was something familiar about that remark.

"Is it?" she asked, peering into the man's eyes and noticing they were brown.

"Indeed," he said, "it came just like many of us; we come into the world alone and stay here alone—and then, we die alone—that's life, madam; a game of solitaire."

It was all clear now; her memory placed him—he was that handsome youth who had sold her a rug years and years ago, and who, after a quarter of a century, was selling her another.

She shook her head slowly.

"Yes," she said; "it is—the same game played with the same deck of cards."

And They Were On Their Way.

Now, Samson, he was a mighty strong man,

A mighty strong man was he;

But he lost his hair and he lost his eyes

And also his liber-tee!

For a woman, she can do more with a man

Than a king and his whole arm-ee!

—By *Some Poet*.

AND now, darling of my heart," said Albert Pick to his intended, "I'm ready to trot to the minister with you to get married."

"Oh, love of my soul," little Kitty gurgled in reply, "let's go right now."

Albert Pick leaned over and planted the inevitable on Kitty's rosy lips. He sighed. So did she. "Ah," he said slowly, "I am the happiest man in the whole world."

"Me, too, snootledums," Kitty exclaimed, rapturously. "I feel happy as a back alley cat."

"I love you like the whisperings of a rose," came from the lovesick puppy.

"Oh," she giggled, "you make love just like a Laura Jean Liberty."

And then, realizing that time was flying, Albert Pick said:

"Come, my honey bunch, let's go over by the preacher and get married. After we get that out of the way we'll have plenty of time for foolishness."

So, arm in arm, they sallied forth. As they passed Heinrich Schultz' saloon, Albert Pick sighed:

"How nice it would be before we got married to have one tiny, nice glass of beer—"

"And a cheese sandwich," added Kitty, enthusiastically.

"Ah, my dream, cheese sandwiches with some glasses of beer before we get married we will have now."

And beer plus cheese they had.

"M-m-m-m—" came from Kitty.

"A-a-a-a-h!" was the sound that filtered through the foam on Albert Pick's glass of beer.

"Being as it is that we is getting married today, honey, it wouldn't hurt us a whole lot to have another glass of beer—"

"And," Kitty added, quickly; "another cheese sandwich."

"All right, leave it to me to be a sport on my marriage day," Albert Pick boasted, whistling for the smelly waiter.

And then, after they had each consumed six sandwiches and an equal number of beers, Albert Pick philosophized thusly:

"Marriage ain't got nothin' on beer."

"Well," Kitty ventured; "there ain't no reason why both shouldn't go together. Just because we is goin' to get married ain't no reason for kiboshing the beer."

Albert Pick answered this argument by ordering a seventh beer.

"When beer comes in by the stomach love flies out by the window," Albert drawled, sipping the bitter liquid.

Kitty was getting suspicious. She drew herself up, arched her eyebrows and demanded: "Say, you, what're you tryin' to slip over around here? Ain't yuh goin' by the preacher?"

Albert Pick answered this question by ordering an eighth glass. And then, the trouble commenced. Kitty showed that she was made of strenuous stuff. She rolled him over the floor. She rocked his spinal column loose. She upper-cutted, side-cutted, under-cutted and over-cutted him. For the moment, she was a formidable white hope. And she didn't stop until an officer of the law appeared on the scene and dragged them away. When brought before Judge Wiffen Poof, Albert pleaded:

"Let us go this time, judge. We admit we had a little too much, but we was on our way to get married and that's why we done it."

Kitty, like a wise little woman, kept her mouth shut. She let Albert do the talking when she realized that he didn't intend to call attention to the upper-cuts.

"Show me your license," commanded his honor, Judge Wiffen Poof.

"Here it is," came from Albert. There was no question that the license was of the realm.

"If you'll let me marry both of you right here in court, I'll discharge you," the judge offered.

"I'm willin'," Kitty interjected.

"So'm I," came from Albert, who was still nursing a swollen eye. They were married and lived happily—at least three days.

The Sociological Grafter.

TARRYTOWN-ON-THE-HUDSON!" shouted the conductor, as the Albany local came to a halt. A score or more of men and women alighted. Most of them immediately entered automobiles that were to take them to their estates on the hills of Pocantico near by. One man who leisurely strolled out of the station attracted extraordinary attention from those around him. Indeed, it is not to be wondered that they all eyed him from the crown of his hat to the soles of his shoes.

His hair was long, his hat was immense and his black beard was big enough for three. He wore a soft shirt, which was decorated with a huge, flowing red tie.

He was a sight.

The stranger continued walking as though he were unaware of the fact that he was the center of all eyes.

Presently he approached an old Dutch inn. Over its door was a gate on which was inscribed:

"This gate hangs high and hinders none;
Refresh and pay, then travel on."

The inmates looked on him with awe, but as he offered to pay for a week's lodging in advance, they took him in.

On the register he signed himself:

"*Yours for the Revolution, Eugene V. Marks.*"

The news spread like wildfire.

"Did you hear about the Anarchist in town?"

"Wonder what the rich ducks'll do up on the hills?"

Boys followed Marks about the streets. He was pointed out by mothers as a person to beware of. Little girls ran and hid under the bed when they saw him coming.

Marks endured all this notoriety with nonchalance. He was the least troubled person of all.

Every move he made was common news. If he walked out into the country, that fact was whispered about. One morning he bathed his beans in catsup. That night the word went out that "the Anarchist drinks blood instead of coffee."

Two days after he arrived, Marks bought two acres of land situated on the side of one of Pocantico's many hills. The land was not worth much, and the farmer who owned it gladly sold out for a thousand dollars. It was barren, rocky land and had never been cultivated.

As soon as Marks became possessed of the title to the land, the explosion came.

No, not a bomb explosion— much *worse than that*.

The cause of the intense excitement that raged from one end of Tarrytown to the other was a circular that Marks had distributed. It read:

LOVERS OF FREEDOM, HARK YE!

Long enough have we endured the tyranny of the idle, parasitical, cruel, grasping, greedy capitalists!

It is time to Revolt.

Fifteen Anarchists, Free Lovers, Communists and Holy Jumpers have decided to found a colony of free citizens near this town.

We need about fifty more.

All who wish to join this colony should attend a meeting tomorrow night at the

OLD TOWN HALL

Come one, come all!

Join us and be free men and women at last!

Throw off the shackles of slavery!

The hall was jammed to the doors.

Marks was the orator of the evening. What he said went something like this:

"Brothers of the Sword of Liberty! I am here to offer you a means to end your slavery. All you need do is to join our colony. There you will live as Nature intended. You will do as you please.

You will wear what you please, and if you should desire to wear nothing at all you will be at liberty to do so. No one will have the authority to stop you.

"There will be work for all and none will feel the pains of poverty. Next week my fifteen brothers and sisters will arrive by special train. Then we will start the colony.

"I appeal to you! Join our colony of free men and women and you will forever end your misery."

That same night the best citizens of the village held a secret conference that continued far into the morning.

One excited bank president shouted: "Lynch them!"

A cooler-headed stock broker replied: "Tut, tut! That won't do! They own the land. It's their property, and we can't molest them. The only thing we can do is this."

All saw the logic of his remarks and voted unanimously to send a special committee to the colony promoter.

"Wish to see me?" asked Eugene V., coolly.

"Yes, sir," replied the spokesman for the citizen's committee of five.

"What about?"

"It's about your colony. We residents are opposed strenuously to the idea. Will you agree to sell us the land and leave town forever?"

"Never!" shouted Marks.

"Come, come. We'll pay you handsomely. How will five thousand dollars go?"

"Not enough."

"Well, how much do you want?"

"Ten thousand dollars or you get the colony next week."

"Settled. Here's your money."

"I am being unmercifully persecuted," declared Marks as he pocketed the money and signed the bill of sale. "Would you believe me, this is the sixth town that has refused to allow us our liberties. Can you tell me when the next train leaves for Newport?"

Who Was He?

TEN years! Clipped from his life by a judge who boasted of the protection he was affording society. Ten years! But, Joe Woods took his sentence stoically.

"I'm willin' to take me medicine," the young offender muttered, as he was led to the "pen" by a bejeweled deputy. "I ain't goin' to beef over it!"

Joe was tall, erect and young to a fault. At one time, hopes and ambitions had nestled in his heart. But that sentence had finally ended it all. He was, in almost every sense of the word, dead. And he had died a quiet, undemonstrative death. There wasn't even a gasp. His dreams—like a wax candle—had melted away. The judge had given the word—and he went. Without protest, without question, without pleadings—he went.

* * *

IN THE COUNTY jail, Joe was told he would be taken to Waupun—the state penitentiary—on the following day.

"We feed yuh good before takin' yuh," said the heavy jailor, thinking he was bestowing a great favor upon his prisoner. "Give yuh all yuh want to eat."

Joe smiled his thanks. His eyes seemed like burning coals. His

fists were clenched. But, a second later, he became stolid-faced and firm.

For an hour he paced the full length of his cell—slowly, heavily. He wanted to be hard, cold—and he appeared to be succeeding.

"There's a woman to see yuh," said the jailor, slowly. "Says she's got to see yuh—"

"A woman?"

"Uh-huh."

Joe thought quickly. Who could it be? In the whole city he knew but one—a courtesan whose friendship and admiration he had attracted.

"What does she look like?" he inquired.

"Kind of old and dressed in black," the jailor replied. "Says her name is Mrs. Brown from somewhere in the East."

Joe started.

"I—I—don't know a Mrs. Brown," he stammered; "tell 'er I don't want to see 'er."

A few minutes later, the jailor returned.

"She says as how she's got to talk to yuh," he announced. "She seen yer picture in the papers an' she's got a hunch yer her son—"

"Can't be—"

"But she won't go 'way. You'd better see 'er so's to satisfy the old woman."

* * *

THE CELL WAS dimly lighted. Joe's face became set and hard as he waited the woman's appearance. He intended to be blunt and harsh.

The woman entered timorously. She peered about the cell, unable to discern its contents. Gradually, her eyes became accustomed to the darkness.

"You came to see me?" Joe almost blurted

"Y-yes, yes. I—I—"

"You'll have to speak up quick and tell me what you want."

"I saw your picture and I thought you looked like my lost boy," the woman said.

"Huh! That's a funny one! Your boy? I ain't had a mother for fifteen years—she's as dead as they ever was," came from Joe in his hardest tones. "You struck it wrong this time."

"But—your picture looked like him—my Harry—"

"Now see here, my name ain't Harry"—Joe's tone was final—"it's Joe—J-o-e—that's plain enough, ain't it?" he barked.

"I—I wanted to see for myself. Won't you come to the light?"

Joe knew it would be folly to refuse this woman's request.

"There," he snapped; "take a good look."

The woman stepped to his side and slowly scrutinized his countenance.

"I don't think you're my Harry," she said, after a half minute's examination; "but—"

"But what?" Joe inquired brusquely.

"You do look a little like him—you got his eyes—but I'm sure you ain't him now that I've seen you close."

"I told you that in the first place. It's a wonder you wouldn't believe me."

"I'm sorry I troubled you."

Joe said no more. The woman reluctantly withdrew.

A few minutes later the jailor returned.

"I got a good dinner for yuh, Joe. Come down."

Joe was sprawled out on the cot.

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" he exclaimed, "what in hell are yuh cryin' about?"

Izzy's New Ice Box.

"A IN'T it awful," said Mrs. Sarah Schlumberg to her husband. She gave an egg a vicious jab, bringing its interior to view. As she sizzled that helpless child of the barnyard over the gas stove, she added:

"It's awful, I say, the way it's hot and the ice melting all the time like it was in a stove."

Her husband, Isadore, looked at the pan and nodded his head. He could see that ice (five cents' worth) dissolving in a heart-rending manner.

"We got to have ice," Isadore declared, "or the milk and the butter and the meat would all get no good."

Sarah popped her opinion, saying:

"If we got an ice box then we wouldn't have to bother with no ice no more."

Isadore, who lives in Essex street, had heard that Americans use ice boxes and concluded it would be a splendid plan to get one.

"Leave it to a Yankee thief to make a machine so ice is done away with," he commented. "I guess I'll find out how much one costs."

He visited the store of Herman Roser, near Rutgers Square, and learned he could get an ice box for eight dollars. Isadore bought one.

Yesterday Sarah put the butter, milk, meat, fish and other delicacies into the ice box, congratulating herself on her good fortune in having an ice box, thus doing away with the necessity of paying good money to the ice man.

But not many hours passed before she realized that all of the good things to eat, Isadore's supper, in fact, had spoiled utterly. That ice box was as cool as the crater of an active volcano.

She called her husband, adding:

"Look! The ice box ain't no good at all. It don't keep nothing at all cool like it ought to. That robber sold us a fake ice box."

Isadore hurried to Herman Roser's store. Shaking a fist in his face, Isadore shouted:

"Thief! Why do you take my eight dollars and sell me an ice box that won't keep nothing cold? Thief!"

Roser was amazed.

"That's as good an ice box as ever was sold," he said. "Maybe you don't put enough ice in it."

"Ice?" Isadore repeated. "Ice? What do I need to buy more ice when I pay eight dollars for an ice box?"

Roser laughed uproariously. "Hold me or I die laughin'," he shouted.

"This ain't funny. What do I want to buy an ice box for when I have to put ice in it. Instead of spending eight dollars I use the tinpan."

"You got to have ice," Roser persisted.

"Then I want my eight dollars back again," was Isadore's decision.

Roser told him to hurry home like a good boy. Instead, he went to the police station where he made an effort to have Roser arrested for selling him an ice box that needed ice, but the police said no warrant could be issued. Isadore says there is no justice in America.

And He Loved a Woman.

*"I sum up half mankind,
And add two-thirds of the remaining half,
And find the total of their hopes and fears
Dreams, empty dreams."*

—Cowper.

I WALKED down Palm avenue, in the City of Eternal Summer, and, nearing the home of my friend, James Marion, I decided to visit the dear old soul. He was in the twilight of his life; on his road into evening; into night—and alas, Death.

With age had come the candle that throws a faint glow over wisdom. His days and nights were spent in a calm perusal of books. And yet, I felt pity for my friend. His years, I muttered, were years of sighs, for he knew not the meaning of love.

* * *

"A WONDERFUL day, isn't it?" he asked, closing a book and placing it on a shelf. "Everything is so calm and quiet—silence is sweet to one who is growing old. Yet, I'm growing old—or rather,"—and with Hugo in mind, he added, "I am ripening."

"One should blossom first," I laughed.

"I am blossoming and ripening at the same time," he answered.

"You mean that you are in love?"

He was standing at the window. I saw his face brighten.

"Yes," he murmured, his eyes glued on someone in the street, "I have been in love for almost ten years." And, with a laugh, "see, there she is —isn't she beautiful? Ah, she is wonderful!"

I hurried to his side. A woman, accompanied by a middle-aged man, walked by the house. In a minute the couple disappeared. She seemed to be a woman of forty; tall, slender, and sad-faced—hers was the beauty of character and the beauty of fading violets.

"Isn't she wonderful?" he inquired, his countenance brightening with happiness. "With her, my life is blossoming; with my books, my life is ripening."

"The man—who is he—"

"Her husband," he answered indifferently.

"Who is he?"

"I don't know."

"Then, of course, you don't know who she is—"

"I don't, to be sure."

I threw up my hands and exclaimed:

"Pardon me, dear fellow, pardon me ten thousand times over. When I entered this room a few minutes ago, I felt pity for you; I foolishly imagined there is no romance in your heart—pardon me, I beg you; I take it all back."

"I suppose I am an old, old fool," he said slowly. A line from Shakespeare suggested itself, and he added: "How ill white hairs become a fool."

"You are a poet," I enthused; "a poet."

"For ten years I have known her—and loved from afar—"

"A lofty, majestic love," I exclaimed.

"I have worshipped her. . . Every afternoon, they pass this window—I am always here; I see her; I love her!"

"Ten years—"

"Yes, ten years—they have flown—love gives wings to time and

hurries one into eternity. . . . She has never seen me—she never shall—I shall love her to the end—love pains, but its pains are as wine."

* * *

A WEEK LATER I again visited my friend. This time, I found him worried. In fact, I must confess that it was the first time I had ever seen him lose his serenity.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed; "what has happened?"

He bowed his head and stared at the floor.

"I can't understand it at all," he replied, slowly; "something serious must have taken place—"

"What? please be more specific—"

"*She*, the woman I love, has not gone by this house for three days—something has happened, I am positive."

"No, no; if it's only three days, there is nothing that need worry you—"

"Nothing to worry me?" he inquired, sharply; "why, don't you realize that this is the first time she has failed me? Every afternoon, at precisely two o'clock, for ten years, she has appeared. Four days ago I saw her and she looked exceedingly pale; yes, yes, I fear something has occurred."

"Do you know where she lives?"

He shook his head.

"You know her name?"

"No."

"Well, then, I don't know how I can aid you."

He walked to the window and stared out. Suddenly, he started violently.

"There!" he cried; "there is her husband!"

I ran to his side.

"And he is alone," I added.

"Yes; see that forlorn look on his face; see how dejected he is—"

I saw more—I saw a black band on his sleeve.

"My God! she must be dead!"

He gasped for breath.

"Come; we will follow him."

* * *

AN HOUR LATER we learned that the funeral would be held on the following morning. I helped him back to his home.

As soon as we entered, he broke down and wept as though his heart were breaking. I could not bear to watch my friend in his overwhelming sorrow. I knew my presence could not benefit him, so I withdrew.

Next morning, I called again. He was attired in a suit of black.

"It's time to leave," he sighed; "the funeral takes place at ten."

He joined the mourners. And when the grief-stricken formed in a line and slowly followed the hearse, he was in the rear, a part of the procession.

When the service was over, he approached the man who had been her husband. Grasping his hand, my friend said:

"I, a stranger, grieve with you; I, too, feel the pain tearing at your heart."

As It Goes.

AT nine o'clock the Judge called the case of the State vs. Marcellus Eldridge Harrison. As the defendant was charged with the theft of something over two million dollars, the judge was on his best behavior.

"I am very sorry for you," said the judge, "the evidence shows you are guilty. I must sentence you to one year."

Mr. Harrison's attorneys presented a handful of affidavits which showed that he was in delicate health and could not serve a sentence. It was shown that at an early age, Mr. Harrison had stubbed his toe and that some years later he had sprained his ankle while alighting from an automobile.

"Oh, this changes matters. You are placed on probation," said the Judge. With a sigh, Mr. Harrison, walked from the court, entered his machine and was whirled back to his bank.

At ten o'clock, John Hunt was arraigned on the charge of larceny. He was a miserable sight—an evil-smelling wretch.

"You are guilty, aren't you?"

"I was starving."

"That won't save you from punishment," announced the court.

"But judge, I'm a sick man," said John Hunt. "I have Bright's disease, dyspepsia, appendicitis and rheumatism."

"Six months," the judge bawled.

A Sad Blow.

AT the Bellevue Hospital the doctors venture the information that James Pitts—aged, puffing Pitts—will be able to leave in a few days. It was a bad shock, the doctors say. But the poor old fellow was his old self soon—which isn't saying much, the doctors add.

Pitts—poor, old Pitts—lies in his cot, gazing at the harsh, white ceiling; his eyes—deep in their sockets—stare in a stupid manner. He is trying to convince himself that what he thinks happened, really happened and that it is not the dull imaginings of a worn mind. It really happened—it did; and that's why he is in the hospital. It was an awful shock for this penniless, bleary-eyed, emaciated unfortunate.

Too old to obtain and hold a job—not a position, just a measly, little job—James Pitts has been living a hard existence—the kind that New York knows only too well. Sometimes he'd eat and sometimes he wouldn't; or, rather, more often he didn't and sometimes he did. Again, he got his sleep without bothering about a bed, which is nothing to boast of.

James Pitts, realizing he could do nothing at his trade of book-binding, decided to answer an advertisement which called for an experienced house-to-house solicitor. Pitts got the job, though he was certain he could do nothing worth while.

It was his task to sell inartistic plush albums at six dollars each. "I'm sure I can't do anything with these," he sighed, "but I've got to do something or starve, so I guess I'll have to try."

It was at Third avenue and Tenth street, the other day, that ragged, hungry Pitts, a sample album under his arm, ambled forth in quest of the nimble dollar.

For a half hour James Pitts, feeling exceedingly nervous, did nothing but approach doors, hesitate and turn away. Poor fellow!—he feared the wrath of the gentle ladies. "Hell hath no fury like a woman's scorn," some poet said. Pitts, realizing this, was afraid to risk a door ring. To be perfectly frank, Pitts had a yellow streak.

This trembling wretch felt that he would be able to risk the fires of hell if he could only get a glass of something sold over a piece of expensive mahogany, but, alas, the little fellow didn't have the dime.

Finally, moved by the spirit of adventure, Pitts corralled enough courage to ring a household arouser. It was a long brazen ring and it chilled old Pitts. He dreaded the reception in store for him. The door opened. Pitts realized he was paralyzed. He looked at the immense woman in front of him and trembled.

"What do you want?" she demanded.

Pitts raised his album.

The woman's countenance brightened.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, ecstatically; "I was just getting ready to go uptown for albums. How lucky that you came right now! Do tell me how much they cost."

Pitts gulped twice before answering.

"Six dollars? Well, well, that's cheap! I want one for myself and one for the roomer upstairs. My brother gets married tomorrow, and I want one for a wedding present. And then, Anne's birthday comes next week, and I want to give her one. Then there's Aunt Lucy—she's to get one. Let's see. That makes \$30. Have them here right away, will you? I must have them! . . ."

This was too much. Dazed, James Pitts fell in a heap. But, the doctors at Bellevue say he will be his old self in a few days.

A Modest Beginning.

THE board of directors met in extraordinary session. They had been called together hurriedly, because it had been discovered that the accounts refused to balance. After a solemn investigation it was found that the office messenger, a lad of fifteen, had embezzled the immense sum of \$2.75.

"Well," said the chairman of the Standard Safety Pin Company, "what shall we do?"

"I favor calling the police at once," said the well-groomed, portly gentleman on the right, as he puffed at a 50-cent perfecto.

"Yes, sir," agreed the chairman's son; "a few years in prison will do that little thief some good."

"Come, come, gentlemen," said a good natured director. "Let us not forget that we ourselves began life like this young messenger. Of course, now that we have succeeded, we are able to work on a larger scale, but we all had humble beginnings."

Eventually the lad became chairman of that board.

Walls.

SAM was tired of it all. Shaking a dirty fist at Elmsville—sleepy, crawling village of Elmsville—he walked down the State road, headed for the big city—New York. No resident of Elmsville came to bid him farewell, not a soul to wish him luck—nobody seemed to care; and Sam wasn't sorry, for that matter. He was sick of Elmsville, tired of being looked upon as worse than the scum of the earth, less than a beast, less than the homeless dogs that roam the hot, dusty roads.

He was a strong, powerful lad—turning twenty—with a lithe body, sharp, pleasing features, piercing black eyes and sunburned skin. A half mile from the village, Sam turned again, shook his fist and characterized Elmsville in a vigorous, adjectival streak that looked red. While his picturesque words could never grace the printed page, still the spirit in which they were uttered was certain to command respect. Calmly considering the provocation, it was extremely commendable that Sam, like the proverbial worm, had turned. When a worm turns, even the tyrant, whose foot caused the incipient rebellion, must admire its spirit, for after all, while it is true that nothing is uglier than a slave, it is also true that nothing is more sublime than a fighting slave. Sam turned, like the worm, but Elmsville, whose foot had come down on his head, didn't seem to care whether he turned or squirmed or surrendered.

A few days later, Sam was in the big city. The big city is both a mother and a step-mother; she takes the good and the bad to her breast; she asks no exasperating questions; she cares little about the things in which Elmsville is intensely interested. There is the big city's mother spirit. The big city's step-mother spirit doles out nothing to the millions she adopts; she never gives without a struggle; she is indifferent. It was the big city's indifference that delighted Sam.

The big city can use the Samuels who flock to her breast; she needs the Samuels who come to work; for the big city has sharp teeth and can chew nothing unless there be an ever plentiful supply of producing Samuels. So Sam got a job in a machine shop, where the foreman told him he would soon learn a good trade if he would be on the alert and be anxious to grasp the intricacies of operating a lathe and do the many things that machinists are expected to do.

Now that he had a job, Sam was ready to use the few dollars he had brought with him. So he spent \$2, giving the money to Mrs. McCarty, who conducts a rooming house on 10th street, just east of Third avenue. It was a big house—some thirty-odd rooms in it—and had been, in the days of long ago, the home of one of Gotham's upper middle class families. But neighborhoods, like politicians, eventually lose their grip, and in this instance, the result was that hard pressed women like good hearted Mrs. McCarty used every possible square foot to room just such mortals as Sam.

"Up on the top floor," Mrs. McCarty announced, "I've got a big room that's been cut in two, so's I can charge less rent. I used to get four dollars for it, but now that I've had it cut in two by a partition I'm only askin' for a couple of dollars for each."

Sam looked on this as good news. Trudging his way up the flights, he paid no attention to the beddy odor of things. When he saw the room, small as it was, separated from its mate by a thin wall of pine boards, which was covered, for art's sake, with yellow-flowered wall paper, he felt as though he were the owner of a gorgeous palace.

And, true to the big city's spirit, Mrs. McCarty wasn't inquisitive after Sam had paid his week's rent. She gave him a key, told him there'd be some towels for him in a few minutes, assured him he would find the bed comfortable and hurried down to answer the ring of the door bell.

To Sam everything looked good—on the morrow he would go to work; he had a room that would belong to him for a week and at the end of which, as luck would have it, a pay envelope, however meager, would enable him to continue his possession of it. No wonder Sam was happy. He was away from Elmsville, and this in itself was good fortune. For a time he reviewed the course of his twenty years in Elmsville, and it was only because he was in the big city that he didn't shake his fist and repeat the vituperative words that had stormed their way from his lips a few days before.

* * *

THE TROUBLE, after all, was severely simple. Sam never had a father; that is to say, a legal father. Sam didn't even know his illegal father. As for his mother, she died soon after he was born. No one in Elmsville would say anything good about her. She brought Sam into the world and then went out of the world. His mother dead, and his father unknown, Sam became the charge of Elmsville. So long as Sam was an infant, the people of Elmsville cared for him, accepting the advice of a preacher who was not rigidly exact.

The Higgins people took the infant for almost six months, and they were positive their reward would be concrete in the life to come. The Brundins fed and clothed the yelling mite for a little over three months. The Kelly family, the Carlsons, the Romwalls, the Goddards and the Fosters all took their turn—and, while they muttered curses on the young one's head, they did not fail to supply it with bottles of milk and slices of bread.

After some years of this sort of charity, the villagers concluded that the boy was old enough to take care of himself, so he was told to make the most of Elmsville. They allowed him to sleep in the one-celled jail back of the one-roomed courthouse and headquarters for all things of a civic nature. As the cell was rarely occupied, Sam always had a place in which to sleep. Everybody agreed it was good enough for him, considering what he was. As for food, he always succeeded in obtaining enough. They might have had him sent to an institution, but Sam was so insignificant, so trivial that no one seemed to care what happened to him. So, by common sufferance, Sam was permitted to continue his residence in Elmsville.

The first thing he learned was a harsh-sounding word that conveyed the information that he had been born improperly. It was an ugly word, and it was used by the men. The women, while above so crude and vicious a word, never hesitated to call him a "brat." How he got the name of Sam nobody knew.

At first, Sam didn't know why everybody looked on him as something strange, something beastly. When the older youngsters told the growing generation that "Sam hadn't never had no father," he couldn't quite appreciate the fearfulness of the crime he had committed. When he learned, at a later period, that men often go to war, Sam's imagination conjured a picture of a battle with a father in the front ranks. And, according to Sam's early explanation of the phenomenon, he didn't have a male parent because his father had been killed in a battle, but this was neither here nor there, as the all-knowing natives of Elmsville were firmly convinced that Sam's father, whoever he may have been, was not the kind to waste his time at a battle, especially when there hadn't been a war.

But, even though Sam had no father, it had to be granted that he was a fine specimen of boyhood. He had a beautiful body and a handsome countenance, which was more than many of the urchins who were taught to boast of a father could lay claim to. But a beautiful body, a quick mind and self-reliance are not enough to cover a sin committed by some one in the past. Sam was a—well, his mother had never married.

Even though Sam was brother to the homeless mongrels, the rustics, out of the goodness of their hearts, were not beneath allowing him to help them when there was some plowing to be done, or some harvesting, or the like. Young as he was, Sam, full of fourteen years of life and energy, could do very useful work. That was the only thing Elmsville gave him—work.

Almost every village has a Samuel—sometimes it isn't Samuel exactly. If not, then it may be Mary or Annie or the like. Four miles from Elmsville, in Preston, there was a Samuel of the other sex. She got the name of Mary somehow or other, Sam heard say.

This girl, Samuel was informed, was like himself—she never had a father. To be sure, Sam was interested. He soon learned she was about his age, and that she was working in the hosiery mill that enabled Preston to boast of 4,000 inhabitants. She, like Sam was able to work—and that was the only thing that Preston was willing to give. She toiled at the loom and faced her lot. She was sensitive; she was accustomed to being called—what they usually called him.

One day Sam decided to walk to Preston for no other purpose than to steal a glance at this person. He wanted to see where she differed from the other girls, where the mark was that placed her in the pale of criminals. He waited at the mill gate, and before long he learned who this Mary really was. Sam looked at her and was glad to see that not only was she a human being but actually beautiful. Sixteen years old, she was a joy to the eye.

For a full minute Sam stared at her. According to his values of beauty, she appeared to be the most striking girl in either Preston or Elmsville—but that didn't lessen the crime; she didn't have a father.

Sam, never having had an opportunity to associate with girls, was afraid of them. He would have loved to know this charming, quiet girl but he well knew that his tongue would freeze if he attempted to speak to her.

"She's as good as any of them," Sam commented to himself as he followed her. Sam could not understand how a girl so beautiful, so sweet, could be bad. And, as for not having a father, Sam concluded that it was better not to have one than to be cursed with the kind most of the others have.

He wanted to tell her how he hated them all for their blindness in having built a wall around this girl and labeled her so all might know. But Sam was afraid. He followed her for almost a mile and then returned, after she had entered a little house.

When he returned to Elmsville, Sam was met by the head of the Higgins family.

"Where've you been with me wantin' yuh to do what's got to be done, and offerin' ye money fur it, too—" And here Higgins made disparaging remarks about Sam's ancestry. "A lot of thanks we get for takin' ye like a strayed dog and feedin' yuh so's ye could make yer own livin' an' be decent. A lot of thanks we get."

The boy had grown accustomed to receptions of this order. At times it made him boil to the point of wanting to fight; but when

he looked at his torturers—big, brawny giants like Higgins—he could do nothing but restrain himself and save himself the ignominy of a beating.

Promising to appear at the Higgins farm on the following morning Sam seemed to satisfy Higgins, though he continued his volcanic profanity.

Sam lay awake for many hours that night. Thoughts of Mary persisted in presenting themselves. And yet, he knew he would never dare to meet this girl.

"She's like me," he muttered. "We'd be the laugh of everybody if they ever saw me talking with her. I'd make things worse'n they are now."

Next morning he went to work for Higgins, though he felt a strong desire to return to Preston for another glimpse of the girl. But on Sunday he didn't go fishing as was his habit. Instead, he walked to Preston, where he watched for the girl. Before long she came down the street, walking toward the hills. She saw this youth and gave him a quick look. Knowing almost everybody in the town, she did not remember having seen this boy before.

By some miracle, Sam, obeying an impulse, stopped her and asked:

"Can you tell me where the Higgins folks live?"

He knew there were no Higginses in Preston. The girl stopped quickly. After a moment's thought, she answered:

"Don't remember ever knowing anybody by that name."

"Guess I've got the wrong name," Sam retorted slowly, trying to down a heavy lump that was gathering in his throat.

She looked around, but saw no one. Then, impressed by the boy's face, his beautiful eyes and his honest, frank tone, she added:

"Maybe there's a Higgins down in the next street. I'll show you where."

As soon as they began walking, Sam lost his nervousness, much to his own surprise. The girl herself was nervous, though this passed unnoticed.

Before they reached the next block, Mary inquired:

"Where are you from?"

Sam answered quickly: "I'm from Elmsville and my name is—"

He stopped short.

"What'd you say your name is?" the girl persisted.

"Sam—"

"Sam. Sam what?"

"Just Sam is what I go by."

The girl started.

"You ain't Sam—the Sam from Elmsville?"

He nodded.

Mary said no more. She had heard in some mysterious manner that in Elmsville there lived a youth whose lot was like her own.

Finally, she stammered:

"I—I guess I was wrong when I thought there was a Higgins family in this street. I don't think there any such people here."

Sam felt that this girl knew him for what he really was and that she desired to rid herself of his presence, despite the obvious fact that but a minute before she had appeared anxious to talk with him.

"She's like me," he said to himself, "and that's why she's afraid of me."

She was afraid of him; afraid of the effect it would have on the neighbors when they saw Mary and Sam walking together, two

birds of a feather, two innocent sufferers. Mary knew it would be looked upon as a huge joke; it would be the topic for weeks; and Sam knew the same thing. Telling her he was sorry he couldn't find the Higgins people and that nothing could be done but to return to Elmsville, Sam left her.

Mary gazed after him in a longing manner as though she pitied her comrade in sorrow. She didn't want him to leave, but before she could summon courage to invite him to stay, Sam was gone.

He never returned to Preston. He often thought of this girl, this beautiful Mary, but he gave up all hopes. He longed to know her, to climb to the hilltops with her, to walk the lanes and the fields together, but it all appeared impossible and beyond him.

And for almost three years he remained in Elmsville and never met Mary again. The villages had built a wall around them that kept them by themselves—and this wall kept them from each other.



AND NOW HE WAS in his own room in the big city, among people who didn't care about his father, who let him alone. He was happy. For not having broken away sooner he called himself a fool. However, he was in New York—he was where he could be a human being. And poor, helpless Mary—Sam thought of her as he thought of the life from which he had just escaped. And he wondered if she would ever “kick over the traces,” as he had done, and go to the big city—where nobody seems to care.

The months passed rapidly. Autumn came, with its chill winds and its gray skies.

As he sat on the edge of his cot, this cold November night, Sam heard a sharp noise. Mrs. McCarty, with a grumble, had surrendered, allowing the heating plant to take its toll in the form of coal; and as the steam, for the first time, forced its way up the pipes, it caused a noise that was disturbing, to say the least.

Sam knew the cause of this noise and that it would soon subside, but it was another noise that soon attracted his attention. From the other room came a distinct moan. He sprang from his bed and rushed to the wall, where he stood and listened. It sounded like a woman.

“Anything the matter in there?” he called.

“There's some one trying to get in this room,” came in low tones through the thin partition.

Sam hurried into the hallway, but saw no one.

“There's nothing out here,” he said, hardly above a whisper.

“Then what's that noise?” the other asked.

“Oh, that's the steam pipes. Ain't you ever lived in a house that's had steam pipes? They make that kind of noise. Turn on your steam and it'll stop soon,” he answered.

He heard the inmate of the room hurry to the radiator. Presently the door opened timidly and a voice announced:

“I can't find what to turn.”

Sam peered into the face of the person before him—and started. “Is it possible—why—is it you—Mary?”

The girl was astounded.

“Why,” she answered, “who are you?”

“Don't you remember me?”

Mary nodded.

“You're Sam, of Elmsville.”

“Yes, and you're Mary, of Preston.”

Sam laughed.

"This is a fine mix-up, ain't it? I'll tell you what to do; get fixed up and meet me on the stoop outside, will you?"

Five minutes later they were conversing as they walked up and down the sidewalk.

"How long have you been here?" he inquired.

"Only three days. How long've you been here?"

"Since last summer. I'm working in a machine shop, learnin' a fine trade—machinist. I certainly am glad."

"That's fine," Mary commented. "I'm going to look for a job tomorrow."

"So you quit up at Preston, eh?"

"I wanted the big city," she said, so I—"

"Just like me," Sam interrupted; "just like me. I kicked over the whole business because I wanted to get to the big city where I could be a—"

He stopped short. Mary understood.

Mary had the good fortune to soon find a job. These two workers soon became close friends. Together they went to the moving picture shows; on gala occasions they went to the theatre. Together they partook of ice cream sodas and candies. And when Sam felt that his future as a machinist was assured he asked her the question.

"We can be happy down here," he said. "Both of us can be like everybody. Up there we'd go crazy, but down here it's all different. There ain't no wall down here. The big city takes us all and asks no questions."

Mary took his hand and squeezed it gently.

* * *

MRS. McCARTY WAS grieved when she learned that they were to be married. Both had paid their rent promptly, both had been ideal roomers.

"And now," she complained, "they're going to get married and leave me."

And then an idea dawned on her.

"Oh, Sam," she said, enthusiastically; "why don't you stay where you are after you get married?"

"The room I'm in is too small," Sam announced.

"But," Mrs. McCarty persisted, "there's only a thin wall between the two rooms. I'll have it taken down and you'll have a big room. Ain't that a good idea?"

"So long as we don't want a flat yet, I don't see anything bad about that," said Sam to Mary. "What do you say?"

"I think it's all right," Mary commented.

"All right," Sam told Mrs. McCarty. "Let's have that wall pulled down."

A Poor Rejected Genius.

REJECTED geniuses may be seen on all sides. The one that visited me last week takes the cake. He came to my apartment and announced: "Well, it's all off between me and Belasco." "What's the matter?" I inquired nonchalantly, as the stories put it.

"My play—you know, the one I call 'A Woman's Revenge'—well, I demanded the return of the 'script this morning. Yes, sir, I made him hand it back to me."

"What was the trouble?" I asked, sensing a "touch."

"He liked the play immensely; said it was better than 'Wife in Name Only,' than 'The Terrible Turk's Deception,' than 'The Senorita's Downfall,' and 'A Servant Girl's Indiscretions,' but that I'd have to make a change."

"So?"

"Yes. Said I'd have to change a comma in the third act to a semicolon, but I said nothing doing. I'm true to me art, and'll never let a money-cursed, profit-grubbin', commercialized manager dictate to me and try to corrupt my art. I said to him: 'Mr. Belasco, either it stays a comma or I take my 'script. You can't get me to bow under the yoke of conventionality. I stand or fall on the comma.' He let me fall. Curses take the managers who try to undermine the ideals of the young!"

He then proposed the "touch"—"two dollars, old man, until Saturday." I then offered to compromise by giving him a dollar. When he protested, I said: "If I'm willing to lose a bean I don't see why you shouldn't be willing to lose one. We're each out a dollar."

The Father-in-Law of Vivie.

WHENEVER Donald Wand, Jr., young and fairly well-to-do, found doubts, troubles or disappointments enter his life he always turned to his father for advice. And his father invariably tried, to the best of his ability, to remedy matters.

"So you think little Vivie is not loving you as much as she did in the past?" Wand asked, after his son had told him what was weighing on his mind.

"Uh-huh."

"Do you think she loves someone else?" Wand inquired.

"I don't know," replied his son.

"You mean you haven't any proof?"

"Exactly."

Wand thought a moment. The silence oppressed his son. Presently, he said:

"My boy, it may not be serious in the least."

"But," he added slowly; "I do think the girl needs a little heart to heart talk—"

"Just the thing," exclaimed the young man; "that's what I wish you'd do for me. You see, I wouldn't know how to begin to do it myself."

"Very well," acquiesced his father; "leave it to me. I'll let you know just what takes place."

* * *

THAT EVENING, DONALD WAND visited at the home of his son. He found Vivie alone. He was a man who always spoke his mind in unmistakable English. His hair was just beginning to turn gray, but he had the appearance of one in life's magnificent prime; he was tall, well-built and pleasing to look upon. With a dignified air he went through life impressing all who knew him with a strong sense of his own importance.

"Vivie," said he calmly; "you will pay strict attention to what I have to tell you?"

Vivie was surprised. She looked at him through her large, blue eyes in a manner that indicated her suspense. She was a grace-

ful little woman of about twenty and had a pleasing personality that made people anxious to gain her friendship. She had a thin, well-formed nose, even, bow-shaped lips, and a figure that caused one to turn for a second glance.

"Why, what do you wish to say to me?" she asked.

"You have been my daughter-in-law for almost a year—"

"Yes," she interrupted, "but—"

"Let me finish," he commanded.

Continuing, he said:

"During that time my son has been the happiest man in the world. You have been a good wife, but—"

"But what?" Vivie gasped.

"Of late he notices a change in you. Something seems to have come between you and my son—" He hesitated a moment.

Vivie paled.

"What do you mean?" she pleaded.

"I mean that my son thinks you have ceased to love him," he answered.

Vivie smiled faintly. Then she quickly added:

"It is true."

"What! You confess? You love him no longer?"

Vivie nodded.

"I do not love him."

It was now Wand's turn to gasp.

"You mean it?"

"I never loved him."

"Y-you—you—!"

"I love someone else."

"Who? Tell me, who?"

"YOU!"

Wand felt as though he had been struck on the head.

"You—you love me?" he stammered.

"Yes; I love you with all my heart. I have always loved you. Oh, you cannot understand how I have suffered, how it has pained me to live with him; you are my ideal."

"You really love me?" he asked in a calmer tone, a conceited smile flitting across his lips.

"Yes, yes," Vivie replied, drawing closer; "I shall never love a man as I have loved you this last year; and I shall love you as long as I live—"

"You astound me, Vivie; I little expected this from you—"

"But you will not be angry with me?" she asked, sweetly.

"No, no; love is beyond measure and calculation—it is something that comes when least expected in forms little dreamed of; it is not to be condemned—"

"And you—you love me?" she asked quickly; "Oh, say yes! Make me the happiest woman in the world."

"Yes, Vivie, I love you passionately. I have always loved you, but you always seemed beyond my reach—I never even tried to win you. But now you know that I love you. And you really love me!" he exclaimed, enthusiastically.

"Oh! At last!"

"But what is to be done?" Wand asked quickly.

"What can be done?"

Wand thought a moment. Then he said:

"Nothing dare come between our love. We belong to each other—"

"But your son?"

"The scoundrel! He is your husband, but in name only. I shall be your true husband—your lover!"

"Then we shall not go away together?"

Wand hesitated.

"It would be foolish. Stay with him, but don't be afraid; we shall be happy nevertheless—"

Suddenly, Vivie exclaimed:

"And now, Mr. Wand, you may go—"

"Go? What do you mean?" he asked excitedly.

"I mean that you are a fool. You came here to save me from some imaginary evil and turn out to be the evil itself. You are an old fool, goodnight."

Wand was completely routed. He had not a word to say. He realized that he was duped.

At last he succeeded in pleading: "W-what shall I tell my son? What will you tell him?"

"I don't know. Goodnight."

The Last Manuscript.

"Then black despair,
The shadow of a starless night, was thrown
Over the world in which I moved alone."

—*Shelley.*

HIS wife called him a fool. She said he was an idler, a good-for-nothing. But, he continued writing—he was determined to reach his goal. He aimed his arrows toward the stars, but they fell to the ground.

For years, he wrote of life as he saw it. He mirrored slices of human life, he told stories of human nature—he pictured its tragedy, its comedy, its pathos and its folly. He told no lies—he was a searcher for the truth. But each story came back to him. And as they returned, his wife sneered, torturing him with her taunts.

"Forget this silly business," she protested; "I'm tired of it all and I want you to stop. I'm your wife, and you must take care of me."

He sighed, unable to answer her.

Years before, he had argued with her, telling her that his day would surely come. He had assured her that the editors would recognize his genius and help him to fame. All would be well—just a little patience would prove him right.

She waited and watched, and saw nothing definite except courteous rejection slips—and so, she nagged and lashed him for his foolish waste of time.

The years passed slowly. He wrote feverishly, poured manuscripts into the mail. They came back. They came without even a word of encouragement.

This, in time, ate into his faith; the poison of despondency crept into his blood, "melancholy marked him for her own"—and he was lost, forever lost.

One morning, he announced that he had written his last manuscript.

"Here it is," he said sadly; "this is the end."

Her face brightened.

"Ah, you've come to your senses," she announced, triumphantly; "Thank God, you've got over it all."

He smiled. He placed the manuscript in an envelope and sent it away.

* * *

TWO DAYS LATER, he was found dead in a room, heavy with gas, which his own hand had turned on. She discovered a short note by his side. It told her that he was tired of his futile chase; he was a failure; he was hopeless—so, he ended his worthless life.

And while his body lay in that house, a letter came. She read it, and trembled. His last manuscript had been accepted.

Perfume.

At dawn you go, and all hot tears,
All dreams and hopes and visions bright,
All the young love of all the years
Is crowded in our love tonight.

—Walsh.

HE was attracted to her by the wonderful perfume. It moved him to the depths. He kissed her.

"Love hath but an hour," the girl quoted.

He agreed with her.

"It is the perfume that brought you to me," she pouted; "so, you shall love me and I shall love you only as long as this perfume lives. When it has passed, then my love shall fade away with it."

"Good!" said he, "think of all the passions we must crowd into the short life that fate gives to a spray of perfume! When the perfume dies, the love dies!"

He loved her with an intensity that knew no bounds; and through it all, he felt the ever-approaching end, he detected the perfume's waning fragrance. He didn't want the love to die so soon; he wanted it to have more than an hour, he wanted the perfume to last.

And she, the beautiful flower, crowded her soul with all the love of the centuries.

The days passed; his love remained firm; the fragrance still lived.

And then, after quietly entering the room, he learned why their love had lived more than an hour. He found her before the mirror. He saw the tears course down her cheeks. And, he saw her spray her hair, her wonderful hair, with that love-compelling perfume.

A Pastel in Pessimism.

NO, I've had enough of this violin. I am going to put it away tonight and never touch it again. I mean every word I say. Why? Oh, so, so. You think I am insane? Never felt better in my life. I am foolish? Maybe. We're all fools, more or less. Yes, I know I have talent. Yes, I have a great future, but I am determined to abandon my violin. Until today I was a dreamer of day dreams; at this moment I am a changed person. Well, if you are going to persist, I'll give you my reason.

Do you see that chauffeur over there? No, no; not that one; the other. Well, his name is Orlando. Never heard the name before, eh? Well, turn to *The Musical Record* and you'll learn a fact or two about him. He was master of the violin at twenty. Carried off the first prize at the Paris conservatory. For a time he studied under Hans Sattler, Joachim heard him play the Rene Joseph concerto in D sharp and went into raptures; declared him a genius. That Orlando spent the fifteen best years of his life over a quartette of gut strings; practiced night and day; spent thousands of dollars; traveled from master to master. Why? For what? Just to be able to create a tone softer than the thrush's. For fifteen years he studied, poor fellow. All that time he prepared himself for his grand Berlin debut. At last he felt ready to appear before the critics.

The National Opera House was jammed. He played a concerto and was accompanied by the *Deutscher Philharmonic Orchestra*. Read the *Zeitgeist* for the reception he was given. Every critic in Berlin declared that he was the greatest of the great. Orlando bowed himself off that platform a recognized artist. He was a success. He seemed invulnerable.

And then, what happened? Ha! Ha! it's a joke; a huge joke. He walked to his hotel that night. He was excited, poor boy; flushed with his success. Orlando stepped into the elevator. In closing the door, the operator was a little too swift. Just a third of an inch of the index finger of Orlando's left hand was smashed. That was all. But that was enough. And there he is now. So tell me; what's the use? I waste no more time.

Perpetual Motion.

HE first got the idea back in '63, after the battle of Gettysburg. They were in a group—Robert Gibbons and some privates—and the talk turned to perpetual motion.

"It'll never come," said one.

"If the planets are always moving, then a machine ought to be able to move forever if once started," said another. "You never can tell what an inventor may do some day."

Robert Gibbons took it all in. His mind turned to perpetual motion. He thought of nothing save perpetual motion. After his discharge he went back to his wife.

"I'm going to invent a machine that will go forever," he told his skeptical wife. "I don't care if it takes all my life to work it out."

So long as he spent his evenings at his experiments she didn't protest with any degree of firmness. But, when he quit his job one fine day and announced that he would need all his time to work out the problem, she objected strenuously.

But that availed her nothing. He was determined to have his own way about the matter.

"I'm going to invent a machine that will move forever after you touch a wheel and start it. It will go until it wears out."

"But what about money?" she asked.

"Money?" he repeated. "What do I want to worry about money? When I succeed, when I give perpetual motion to the world, I'll become a millionaire many times over, and the government, in addition, will appropriate a pension of \$50,000 a year—I'll roll in wealth—just you wait until I've invented my machine."

"And while we're waiting, we'll have to live on soup, eh?"

"Well, we may have it hard for a few months, but we'll manage to get along on my army pension—I'll win before long."

She wasn't much good at arguing. Having declared herself, she retired to her corner. In the meantime there was nothing for her to do except let him have his own way. She knew him to be a stubborn man who hated to be crossed when his mind was set upon anything.

The argument at an end, he returned to the garret, where he spent eighteen hours without even a halt.

He would remain at his bench for days at a stretch, peering at blue prints, studying rough drawings and puttering about in his chase for perpetual motion. It seemed as though he lived on his hopes, on his plans—he ate very little, a cup of weak tea seemed to satisfy his hunger.

He made a thousand models and destroyed them. He drew ten thousand plans and tore them to pieces. But he was undaunted. He was always sure that his next experiment would bring the great triumph—perpetual motion.

His wife, after hopeless waiting, concluded that it would be useless to disturb him in his dreams. She made the pension go as far as possible and earned what little she could through scrubbing and washing. She was ready to make the most of a bad deal.

After years, Gibbons ceased thinking of anything save perpetual motion. His hands could see nothing but wheels, wheels that turned and turned, wheels that would turn from now till the crack of doom.

When he was sixty years old, he was still working on perpetual motion, still struggling to make a wheel turn for all time.

He finished a model and touched a wheel, giving it a slight push. It moved, the wheel commenced revolving, gaining momentum. At last! His machine was here. He was victor!

He ran to the door and called for his wife.

"Come here and see it!" he shouted. "I've got it going! I've won!"

She hurried in.

"Don't you see it moving? See!"

She looked from the model to the man and shook her head.

"I don't see nothin' move," she said.

"Fool!" he cried, "where are your eyes?"

But the woman again shook her head.

She looked into her husband's eyes and saw a strange light—his gray eyes seemed to be looking beyond her, away off in space.

And then she slowly said:

"Yes, yes—I see it—it's moving."

"To be sure you see it. There is my reward after forty years of work—I have discovered the secret. You see it! I see it! Ha! Good! My wonderful machine; you see it moving! It will go on forever!"

He still thinks the wheels are turning—forever turning.

Was He Sane?

TO Mitchell Knox, the court proceedings were strikingly peculiar and interesting—never before had he known a trial scene to be so replete with attention-binding situations.

The judge was the first to attract and hold him intent on each of his nods, his expressions, and his words.

This man, thought Knox, is conscious of a great power—a strength capable of giving or taking human life; a man clothed in the robe of authority—serious-minded and solemn.

"What a dangerous man to have in a community!" Knox muttered, under his breath. "Who gave him this power to pass on human activities? Even I, a spectator, have much to fear when such men are permitted to rule—permitted to say what shall be and what shall not be."

And why does he sit there, wrapped in black? asked Knox. Why should he meddle? Why should he take it upon himself to pass on this and that when he might be spending his time living and enjoying life?

"What's that he said?" Knox inquired; "human life is sacred? There's nothing cheaper than life—it's not even worth reckoning with! Who told him to prattle and babble? He interests, and yet, unfortunately, he bores. Maybe it is the fact that he is such a dignified and uncommon bore that makes him so interesting. Who knows?"

"And look at that prosecuting attorney! He is burning with passion. He is alive with determination to revenge what he considers a wrong. And what is it all about? A dead person—long buried—slowly decaying—and to remedy matters he desires to send another human being to his grave—to rot—slowly decay! What good will it do him? What good will it do the dead person? What good will it do the jury? It is all foolishness!"

"And see, there is the lawyer for the defense—what a beautiful man! He is fighting tenaciously to save a wretch."

"Indeed, everyone is serious—too serious—I don't think the prisoner feels it all so keenly as do these persons here—that's the way all things are. We never cease crying over the poor—the poor are the least concerned over their own sufferings."

Knox then turned to gaze at the jury—they were a stolid group of men—solemn and serious—like the judge. And they were to pass on the prisoner on trial!

"Who are they to judge? What right have they to consider the actions of another—the cowards! Twelve against one man! It's not fair—they ought not to outnumber."

"And the people! See the crowd of spectators! How they gape, opened-mouthed and tense!"

And then, Mitchell Knox decided to scrutinize the prisoner. He looked on all sides, but could not find the man on trial.

He spoke to the man who was the attorney for the defense.

"Pardon me, sir," said Knox, "I've seen everything and everyone except the man on trial—"

"Why, you are the defendant."

"I?"

"To be sure."

"Oh, thank you. And am I charged with murder?"

The lawyer nodded.

"And who, may I ask, did I murder? My wife? I never knew I had a wife! This is getting real interesting!"

Here's What Some Kind Souls Said About "The Pest and Other One-Act Plays"

Clement Wood, in *The New York Call*: Let me strongly advise you, my friend, if you have literary aspirations, or are interested in literary things, to go without one ice-cream soda and walk to the office some morning, in order to save ten pennies to forward out to Girard for this booklet. Plays—oh, call them that if you want to. They would have been as effective as essays, in short story form, or in the chopped-up prose that so many clever modern people are calling *vers libre*. They are not especially adapted for dramatic rendition; as the critic says in the name piece, substituting our author's name for Shaw's, "Julius mistakes talk for drama." But they are keen, caustic, curt and cutting comments on current conceptions and conventions. It would be so easy for an unfriendly critic to dismiss the playlets with a word. "Ah, 'The Pest,' Emanuel Julius; aptly named." But that wouldn't begin to tell the story. For we have the critic here, the popular novelist, Mr. Epigram, Miss Real Life, Mr. Dictionary Webster, Capital, Labor and Elaine, the heroine, . . . their reactions to the hypocrisy fair, which is the world of literature today, are revealing and delightful. Many are the shams that are unshammed in this thoroughly enjoyable satire.

* * *

The New England Socialist: The word clever has somewhat lost caste. Today it signifies, too often, a merely superficial skill. But when a reviewer calls these three plays by Emanuel Julius clever, he means (at least this one

does) that the conception of the plays is radically original, their style convincingly satiric and their mood genuinely comic. If that's too much meaning to pack into the word "clever," then make up your own word; better still, get these three plays and read them. They'll make you laugh—and think.

* * *

The Mirror: In "The Pest," the writer pokes fun at American novelists. This play contains a thorough criticism of American literary art in a form that is attractive. His second play, "Slumming," is frankly a Socialist's opinion on present-day conditions. The third, "Adolescence," is plain nonsense in which puritanical intolerance is hit between the eyes. These three plays are certain to fail because they break the great American commandment: "Thou shalt not commit irony."

* * *

The Oakland (Cal.) World: "The Pest" is a clever satire on much of the stereotyped skeptical structure that (alas!) will not remain a mysterious "skeleton in the closet," but insists on parading through innumerable best sellers. In "Slumming" Mr. Julius has the unprecedented gall to introduce us to a Socialist butler! This comedy depicts the slumming expedition of "Jim" to the home of a wealthy New York dame. "Adolescence" contains the proper orthodox stage props, including the turning of the daughter out into the bitter snow storm when she has committed the unpardonable crime of becoming "a-dole-es-

cent!" Come again, Emanuel Julius. We need these smiles. They are sharp weapons.



The Worker's Chronicle: Emanuel Julius is a radical writer who has a delicate and artistic touch very refreshing to meet in the literature of a movement which too generally inclines toward the commonplace and prosaic. He is not a mere propagandist, who mechanically recites syllogisms and argues laboriously from cause to effect, but is a creator of genuine and interesting literature. Julius is never dry; he always satisfies the intellectual thirst. Satire is his long suit; with keen pen he relentlessly—yet, one feels, good-naturedly—exposes the absurd shams and inconsistencies of our social system. During the past six years the work of Emanuel Julius has attracted favorable notice, not only in the Socialist movement, but in wider literary circles. The one-act play is Mr. Julius' favorite vehicle of expression, and Mr. Julius has finally yielded to the wishes of friends and admirers by issuing three of his best plays in permanent form. No one who reads these three plays of Emanuel Julius can fail to appreciate their literary merit and human interest. Each play contains both a laugh and a lesson.

The American Socialist: Everyone who has read Emanuel Julius' short sketches recognizes in him a masterful satirist whose originality in phrasing cut like a two-edged sword the thing he is exposing to ridicule. In this little volume of plays Julius excels himself. Julius never did like modern made-to-order fiction and much less did he like their guilty perpetrators who turn out novels on a piece work basis at so much a word. And in "The Pest" he takes this type of novelist who he quite appropriately names Mr. Ten-Cents-A-Word and keeps him on the gridiron for quite a while to the utter delight of his readers. The booklet contains two other amusing playlets entitled "Slumming" and "Adolescence." In the first of these Julius makes the wealthy pampered lady who believes it her social duty to go "slumming" take a dose of her own medicine. The tables are turned. Instead of her doing the "slumming" one of the slum proletarians comes into her house on a "slumming" expedition. And the dialogue that takes place provokes roaring laughter. In the latter playlet Julius with stiletto-like satire pierces the melodramatists who write the "Broadway" plays.

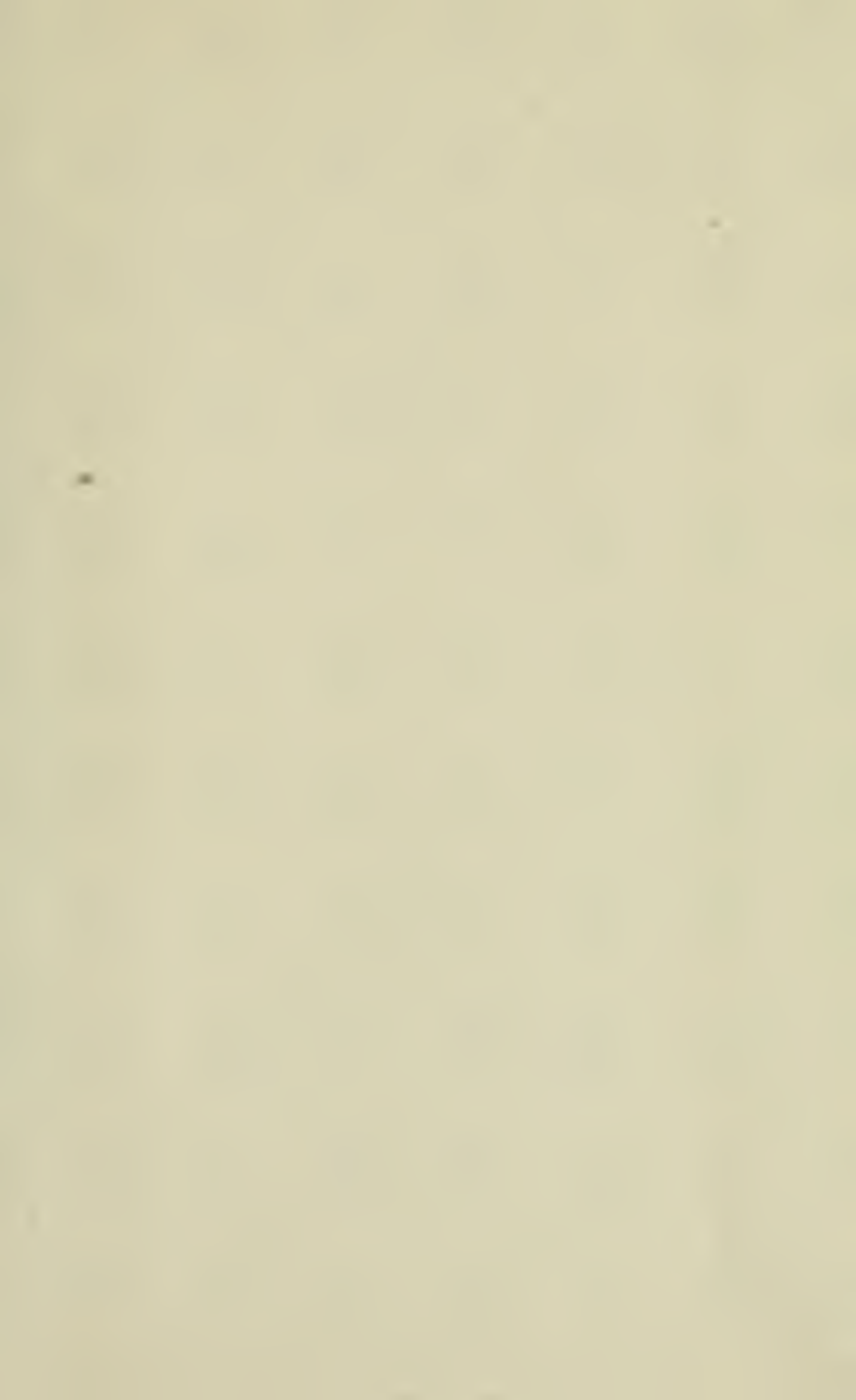
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